ROBIN

YEAR ONE

THE DELUXE EDITION

CHUCK DIXON
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JAVIER PULIDO

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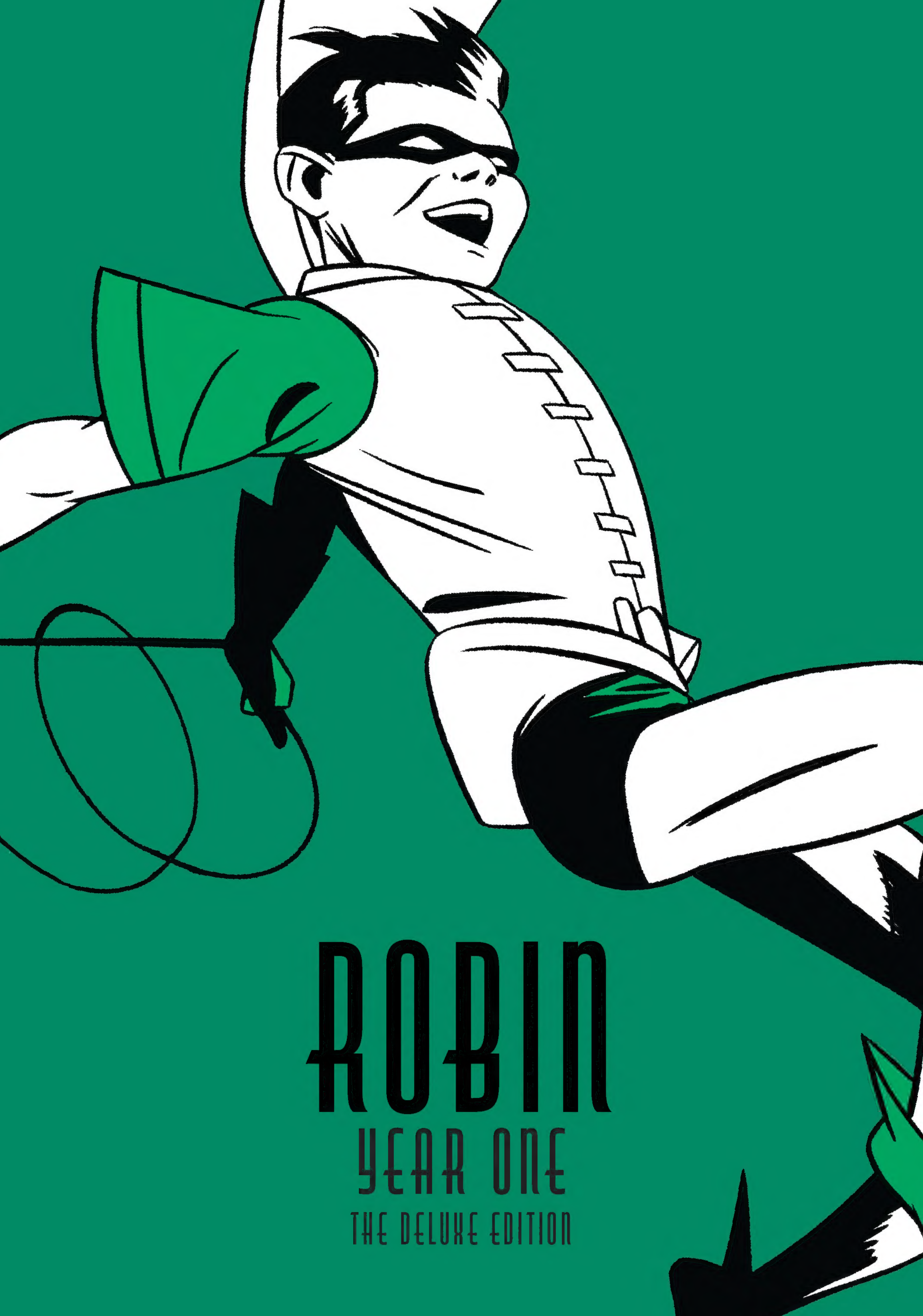

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ROBIN: YEAR ONE—THE DELUXE EDITION

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In this Style 10/6
JP RC

NO LOUD TALKING

NO RADIOS NEWSPAPERS

NO PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH PRISONERS

A KID.

A FREAKING KID.

009567842B

A "KID," MR. MINETTE?

YELLOW CAPE. LITTLE PIXIE BOOTS.

SOME BRAT IN A MASK.

I WAS TOLD IT WAS THE BAT WHO BROUGHT YOU DOWN, MR. MINETTE.

HE SHOWED LATER. BUT IT WAS THE KID WHO PUT ME HERE.

BUSTED UP MY WHOLE OPERATION IN ONE NIGHT.

HE WORKS WITH THE BAT. SOME KINDA JUNIOR PARTNER, OR SOMETHING.

SO THERE'S TWO OF 'EM NOW.

WHERE YOU GOIN'?

WHA--?

I'VE HEARD QUITE ENOUGH, MR. MINETTE.

WHAT ABOUT ME? WHAT'S IN THIS FOR ME?

I'M DOIN' A LIFE-JOLT HERE!

TELL YOUR BOSS I NEED SOME HELP HERE!

TELL HIM NOT TO FORGET ME!

I'M CERTAIN HE'LL PROVIDE SOME RECOMPENSE FOR YOUR AID, MR. MINETTE.

VISITOR CENTER

ALL VISITORS WILL BE SEARCHED

WHAT'S THAT MEAN, YOU LOUSE?!

BLACK GATE FERRY

A BOY...?

THAT IS WHAT JOE MINETTE ADMITTED WITH SOME BITTERNESS.

TF-GT 600

THAT BAT HAS TAKEN ON AN *APPRENTICE.*

IT WOULD SEEM SO.

SO WHAT WAS ONE IS NOW TWO.

MR. MINETTE WAS HOPING FOR SOME SORT OF *BOON* FROM YOU.

I TOLD HIM TO EXPECT SUCH. THAT IS, IF WHAT HE RELATED IS OF INTEREST TO YOU.

OH, IT'S OF INTEREST, LOUIS.

DON'T WORRY ON THAT COUNT...

"... I'LL BE FOLLOWING THE CAREER OF THIS BOY WONDER WITH GREAT INTEREST."

GOTHAM ROAD FREIGHT

NO TRESPASSING

BEWARE OF VICIOUS DOGS

BOOMER BURGER

THIS ONE'S FULL, JUST LIKE MOOKY SAID.

AW, NO...

huh...?

THE BAT!!

GUUNNPH!

CLACK!

WAK!

UNNH!

BLAM! BLAM!

GAHK!

JEESH!

YOU... FREAK!

pant-pant-pant

UNNH!

BETTER PUT THAT DOWN. MY PARTNER HATES GUNS.

THINK AGAIN, KID!

YOUR MISTAKE.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

STAND... STILL!

uh?

UNNGH!

BANG!

YOU COUNTED SHOTS?

THIS MODEL HOLDS EIGHT IN THE MAGAZINE.

AND...?

ONE IN THE CHAMBER. THAT'S NINE.

SO, YOU WERE LISTENING.

A most injudicious decision on the part of Master Bruce.

I have made it clear to him that I believe the recruitment of Master Richard into his exploits to be potentially disastrous.

A NEAT LITTLE ENCLOSURE MOVEMENT, DICK.

THANKS, BRUCE. BUT YOU TOOK OUT THREE OF THEM.

BUT NOT WITH YOUR... FINESSE.

But, as so often happens, my counsel falls on deaf ears.

YOU MAKE IT LOOK EASY. YOUR SPEED. YOUR AGILITY.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I WAS BORN IN A CIRCUS.

ARE THOSE TURKEY SANDWICHES?

WITH SWISS CHEESE, AS YOU REQUESTED, SIR.

Still, the addition of Dick Grayson into the Master's crusade has made a difference in him.

mm-mmph!

I'LL TAKE COFFEE IN THE LIBRARY, ALFRED. THERE'S SOME READING I NEED TO DO.

AND YOU GET SOME SLEEP, DICK.

I do believe I saw him smile.

TOMORROW'S ANOTHER NIGHT.

MASTER RICHARD...

MAY I HAVE A WORD?

SURE, ALFIE.

There have even been occasions in the pantry when I could just discern the muffled sounds of laughter echoing up from that dreadful cavern beneath the manor.

WHAT'S UP?

MASTER RICHARD... ARE YOU HAPPY?

WELL, YEAH... SURE.

WHY? DON'T I *LOOK* HAPPY?

INDEED YOU DO.

PERHAPS I SHOULD REPHRASE THE QUESTION.

ARE YOU CONTENT ON THIS PATH YOU HAVE EMBARKED UPON WITH MASTER BRUCE?

I GUESS WITH BOSS ZUCCO DEAD, THERE ISN'T MUCH OF A REASON FOR ME TO DO THIS.

BUT I FIGURE THERE ARE LOTS OF GUYS OUT THERE LIKE ZUCCO.

AND I MADE BRUCE A PROMISE.

MASTER RICHARD, ALWAYS BEAR IN MIND THAT THIS IS *HIS* CRUSADE.

IT NEED NOT BE YOUR LIFE, AS WELL.

I KNOW--

--BUT *SOME*BODY'S GOTTA HELP HIM.

MIGHT AS WELL BE *ME*.

But smiles and laughter do not assuage my guilt.

For I fear that I am once more watching a child barter his youth away in the service of "justice"...

... a thankless cause, to be sure.

BRISTOL MIDDLE SCHOOL

YOU DIDN'T NEED TO DROP ME OFF, BRUCE.

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THIS, DICK.

I MEAN, A *PUBLIC* HIGH SCHOOL?

YOU COULD BOARD AT A PRIVATE ACADEMY OR EVEN BE TUTORED. YOU KNOW, ALFRED HOLDS SEVERAL DEGREES...

... AND WOULD JUST LOVE *MORE* WORK TO DO.

HE NEVER COMPLAINS.

AND HE NEVER *WILL*, BRUCE. BUT WITH TAKING CARE OF THAT *BARN* OF YOURS AND KEEPING UP THE CAVE...

... THE *LAST* THING HE NEEDS IS TO BE DRAGGIN' ME THROUGH CALCULUS.

AND THERE ARE SOME *ADVANTAGES* TO GOING TO BRISTOL MIDDLE SCHOOL.

I SUPPOSE THEY DO HAVE A DECENT *SPORTS* PROGRAM.

I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE *GIRLS*.

"NOT A LOT OF THEM HANGING OUT AT WAYNE MANOR."

WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

DORMOUSE.

A UNIQUE SURNAME.

IT'S WHAT HE CALLS ME.

I CAN LIVE WITH IT AS LONG AS THE MONEY'S RIGHT.

YES, YES... WHAT IS IT?

HURRY! I HAVE WATER ON TO BOIL.

MR. PAK STOPPED BY TO SEE THE MERCHANDISE.

YOUR TIMING IS QUITE FORTUITOUS, MR. PAK--

--WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO HAVE TEA.

THEY ALL LOOK HEALTHY.

HOW DO YOU KEEP THEM SO DOCILE?

DRUGS?

I'M LOATH TO REVEAL ALL THE SECRETS OF MY TRADE, SIR.

I CAN SAY THAT I DABBLE IN EQUAL PARTS POSITIVE THINKING AND A FEW RARE OPIATES TO CAP OFF MY GUESTS' SPARKLING DEMEANOR.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MY DEAR?

PERHAPS YOU INDULGE YOURSELF A BIT TOO MUCH IN YOUR BUSINESS ENTERPRISES?

MY GOODS ARE CLEANED, PRESSED, AND READY FOR WEAR.

I'VE HAD NO COMPLAINTS... AT LEAST NONE I CAN RECALL OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD.

THERE ARE ONLY EIGHT GIRLS.

THE GENERALISSIMO EXPECTS TEN.

I DO HOPE YOU INTEND TO MEET THE DEADLINE, MR.--

--TETCH. JERVIS TETCH. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME HATTER.

AFTER ALL...

"... IT'S THE NAME THEY GAVE ME IN SCHOOL."

MR. GRAYSON?

OFF ON ANOTHER FLIGHT OF FANCY?

HUH?

WOULD YOU CARE TO ENLIGHTEN THE CLASS BY CONJUGATING THE VERB "TO BE"... EN FRANÇAIS?

Um... JE SUIS...

TU ES...

DRRR

C'MON, GRAYSON!

WE'RE PLAYIN' HOOPS HERE!

YOU GONNA SHOOT, OR WHAT?

SWISH!

IF YOU'RE QUITE THROUGH IMPRESSING THE YOUNG LADIES, WE HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT TO ATTEND, MASTER DICK.

OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN MASTER BRUCE'S RECEPTION FOR THE RHEELASIAN DIGNITARY?

AW, NO... IS THAT TONIGHT?

CAN'T YOU DROP ME OFF AT THE MALL AND FORGET ABOUT ME FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS?

THERE'S A *FIVER* IN IT FOR YOU.

KEEP YOUR "FIVER."

YOU CAN PUT YOUR EYES BACK IN YOUR HEAD, JEN.

I SAW YOU LOOKING AT THAT NEW GUY.

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, CLAIRE?

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH THIS LIKE THE REST OF US.

HE'S CUTE.

YOU WERE STARING AT HIM WAY MORE THAN, "HE'S CUTE."

HEY, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

STEP RIGHT UP, YOUNG DEARS.

PUT SOME BEES IN YOUR BONNETS.

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED...

...SO YOU BETTER ACT NOW.

ZONY

ZONY FREE PRO

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

REE!

IT'S FREE?

COOL.

I DUNNO...

DON'T BE DUMB, JEN.

THANKS.

ENJOY THEM, SWEETIES.

JUNK.

LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE ONE THAT WORKED, JEN.

WANNA CHECK OUT THE GAP?

HELLO?

FINE.

BE THAT WAY.

COME NOW, MY DEAR.

UP YOU GO.

WE'RE LATE FOR A PARTY--

ZONY

--AND YOUR HAIR NEEDS CUTTING.

EXCUSE ME...

HAVE YOU MET MY WARD? DICK, THIS IS GENERALISSIMO SINGH MANH LEE--

AREN'T YOU THE LITTLE HEARTBREAKER?

I PREFER BLONDES, MR. WAYNE.

CANAPÉ...?

IT IS A TERRIBLE VICE.

OF THAT I'M SURE, MR. PRESIDENT.

-- PRESIDENT OF RHEELASIA.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SIR.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US.

IT'S PAST DICK'S BEDTIME.

HOMEWORK DONE?

YES.

MEMORIZED ALFRED'S LESSONS?

YES.

FEEL LIKE BLOWING THIS SHINDIG AND GOING ON PATROL?

YES!

LOOKS QUIET TONIGHT.

MAYBE NOT.

CAPTAIN GORDON.

I TRADED CIGARETTES FOR A PIPE TO SPARE MY HEART.

EVERY TIME YOU SNEAK UP ON ME I REALIZE THE *IRONY* IN THAT.

YOU NEED OUR HELP?

WE'RE TRYING TO KEEP THIS OUT OF THE *NEWS*.

EIGHT GIRLS AND CLIMBING.

ALL GONE MISSING IN THE LAST WEEK.

RUNAWAYS?

NOT LIKELY. ALL GOOD KIDS. GOOD HOMES.

KIDNAPPINGS?

I'M THINKING THAT... OR **WORSE**, I WAS HOPING *YOU'D* PITCH A HAND BEFORE WE HIT DOUBLE-DIGITS.

I'VE GOT A DAUGHTER NOW MYSELF. MY LATE BROTHER'S GIRL.

FRANKLY, THIS ONE'S HITTING A LITTLE CLOSE TO *HOME*.

DON'T WORRY, SIR.

WE'RE ON IT.

"WE'RE ON IT"?

I FELT LIKE I HAD TO SAY SOMETHING.

I'M OPEN TO IDEAS. WHO DO YOU THINK IS ABDUCTING THESE GIRLS?

I KNOW WHO WE CAN ASK.

WHO?

THE USUAL SUSPECTS.

MIGHT AS WELL PUT THEM STICKS AWAY, GUYS.

MY ALIBI

MYALIBI BAR

OPEN

'CAUSE ONCE I BREAK, I'M TAKIN' ALL'A YOUR MONEY.

TOUGH TALK, TONY.

GET YOUR CASH OUT, SAL. THIS GAME IS ALREADY...

... OVER?

CLAK!

THE BAT. AND HIS LITTLE PAL.

AIN'T HE UNDERAGE TO BE IN A TAPROOM?

IT'S MY TURN, RIGHT?

UNNNH!

WE PLAYING NINE BALL OR STRAIGHT BILLIARDS?

BLAM! BLAM!

UH!

UNGH!

OOF!

I'M LOOKING FOR SOME MISSING GIRLS.

GET YOUR OWN DATES, FREAK!

THESE CHILDREN WERE KIDNAPPED.

I GOT BABIES AT HOME, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

THAT AIN'T MY RACKET.

I SENSE AN AIR OF DEFEAT.

TONIGHT'S EFFORTS WERE UNREWARDING?

EIGHT MISSING GIRLS AND NO MOTIVE IN SIGHT.

AND YOU FEAR THE WORST?

OF COURSE, YOU *ALWAYS* FEAR THE WORST.

NO RANSOM DEMANDS. NO APPARENT PATTERN.

THOSE GIRLS ARE IN DANGER. I CAN FEEL IT.

WELL, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY, SIR. PERHAPS SOMETHING WILL EMERGE IN THE MORNING.

AND TONIGHT'S A SCHOOL NIGHT, DICK, YOU'D BETTER GET SOME --

-- SLEEP.

MR. TETCH?

GAH!

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M PUTTING them TO SLEEP!

MR. PAK AND HIS BOSS ARE HERE.

GENERALISSIMO LEE, IT IS INDEED A PLEASURE TO ENTERTAIN YOU IN MY HUMBLE abode.

IF YOU HAD CALLED AHEAD, I WOULD HAVE MADE REFRESHMENTS.

I WOULD *PREFER* THAT *YOU NOT* MENTION MY NAME IN THE PRESENCE OF BROADCASTING EQUIPMENT.

OH, PISH-POSH, MR. PRESIDENT. THIS IS ALL MERELY FOR THE YOUNG LADIES.

YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME.

SEE THAT IT *REMAINS* SO, MR. TETCH.

I WOULD HATE TO LEARN WHICH OF US HAS SPENT MORE WISELY ON SECURITY.

NOW THAT'S A WAGER *WORTH* RISKING MY BREAD AND BUTTER UPON.

WE COULD RENEGOTIATE MY FEE BASED ON THE OUTCOME.

NO.

JUST ONE MORE AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE COMPLETELY FILLED, GENERALISSIMO.

AND I EVEN DELIVER.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN CHEW THEIR FOOD WITH THEIR MOUTHS CLOSED, MASTER RICHARD.

WOO.

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.

LOOKS LIKE GORDON HAS A LEAK IN HIS DEPARTMENT.

I KNOW THIS GIRL. HER NAME'S JENNY NOBLESSE.

SHE GOES TO MY SCHOOL.

THE GOTHAM GAZETTE

NINE GIRLS MISSING

GCPD KIDNAPPING COVER-UP?

A FRIEND, MASTER RICHARD?

WHU--? NO... NOT SO MUCH.

DICK.

DICK.

YEAH... I'M SORRY, BRUCE. I JUST SAW HER YESTERDAY. AFTER SCHOOL.

I NEED YOU TO BE CLEAR-HEADED, DICK.

NOW THAT THE NEWS IS OUT, WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS WILL MOST LIKELY GO TO GROUND... WHICH MAKES *OUR* JOB THAT MUCH HARDER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

GO TO SCHOOL. TALK TO HER FRIENDS. DIG AROUND AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND.

THEN WHAT?

THEN WE'LL PICK UP THE TRAIL AFTER DARK TONIGHT.

DICK, ONE MORE THING...

YEAH?

"... STAY OUT OF TROUBLE."

MR. N. ROONEY
Assistant Principal

SO YOU'RE SAYING THAT YOUR FRIEND "DISSED YOU" AND YOU WENT HOME ALONE AFTER SCHOOL?

I GUESS SO.

MR. N. ROONEY
Assistant Principal

AND YOU DIDN'T SEE HER OR TALK TO HER AT ALL AFTER THAT?

NOPE.

SHE JUST MOVED TO GOTHAM, RIGHT?

AND THAT'S IT, CLAIRE?

YEAH. FROM WISCONSIN OR SOME HICK PLACE LIKE THAT.

THAT'S ALL I KNOW.

CLAIRE, IF YOU *HEAR* ANYTHING OR THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE, YOU GO RIGHT AHEAD AND GIVE ME A CALL AT THIS NUMBER.

YOU GOT THAT?

SURE. YOU THINK JENNY AND THOSE OTHER GIRLS ARE ALL RIGHT?

WE HOPE... SO.

Um... HI.

MR. *GRAYSON*, IS IT?

WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE AND HELP ME GET TO THE ROOT OF THIS "SPITBALL PROBLEM."

YO, DICK! YOU IN FOR SOME PICKUP?

NOT TODAY, KEV...

"... I'VE GOT SOME REALLY SERIOUS HOMEWORK TO DO."

IT'S CLAIRE, RIGHT?

YEAH?

CAN I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?

ENJOY, SWEETIE!

HEY, MISTER!

GOT ANY MORE OF THOSE RADIOS?

Oh, dReadfully SORRY, YOUNG SIR.

I'm afRaid I've capped Off my Stash of free samples.

WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK TOMORROW?

ZONY

"PERHAPS THEN I'LL HAVE SOME MORE."

UP YOU GO, DEAR...

MIND YOUR HEADGEAR.

RRROOOM!!

TONY

WHOA!

SCREEP!

THIS ENDS TONIGHT.

ALFRED, IT'S ME.

MASTER RICHARD, I WAITED FOR YOU AT SCHOOL, BUT YOU WERE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO EXPLAIN. WHERE'S BRUCE?

MASTER BRUCE HAS GONE TO A DINNER CRUISE ABOARD PRESIDENT LEE'S YACHT. HE WON'T BE HOME FOR HOURS.

DO YOU WISH FOR ME TO CONTACT HIM?

NO, DON'T BOTHER HIM.

ALFIE, YOU GOTTA COME PICK ME UP...

"... AND I NEED YOU TO BRING ME SOMETHING."

I THINK THE KIDNAPPER IS HYPNOTIZING THEM OR SOMETHING WITH THOSE WEIRD HEADPHONES.

AND YOU SUSPECT THAT HE IS BROADCASTING OVER THE PUBLIC AIRWAVES?

PRETTY SURE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ISOLATE THE FREQUENCY AND THEN WE CAN HOME IN AND SHUT 'EM DOWN.

SHOULDN'T YOU ALERT MASTER BRUCE TO YOUR THEORY?

NOT YET. I DON'T WANT TO WASTE HIS TIME ON FALSE LEADS.

BUT I THINK THIS IS A GOOD ONE.

ZONY ELECTRONICS DOESN'T EVEN *KNOW* ABOUT ANY GIVE-AWAYS.

AND HOW MIGHT I AID IN THIS SEARCH?

I LOST THE FREAKY GUY IN THE CANAL ZONE.

WE JUST CRUISE AND SEE WHAT I CAN PICK UP.

FZZZ... TIED IN THE SIXTH

Master Richard carries so much on his young shoulders, the normal troubles associated with adolescence in addition to sharing Master Bruce's crusade.

I only wonder if he knows how casually he is throwing away the years of his youth.

I THINK I'VE GOT IT.

THIS IS OFF THE BROADCAST CHANNELS. A LOW POWER TRANSMISSION. HAS TO BE LOCAL.

LET'S TURN UP THE GAIN.

And if, in the end, he will feel it was worth it.

OH, YEAH.

awaken and obey

awaken and obey

THE SIGNAL'S COMING FROM HERE, ALFRED.

SHOULD I CALL MASTER BRUCE NOW?

THE PLACE LOOKS EMPTY. I'LL CHECK IT OUT FIRST.

IF YOU THINK THAT'S WISE.

DON'T YOU EVER *RELAX*, ALFIE?

WITH DIFFICULTY, SIR.

OKAY.

THIS IS WEIRD.

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT THE RIGHT PLACE.

NO ONE'S HOME.

BUT SOMEONE WAS.

WHO ARE YOU?

OOP!

DARJEELING TEA

I'M GONNA TEAR YOU APART... YOU LITTLE LOUSE!

UNNH!

=kaff=
=koff=
=kack=

THE HATTER DON'T LIKE SNOOPS.

"THE HATTER"?

NOW THE TEA PARTY MAKES SENSE.

uh?

UNGH!

SO WHERE DO I FIND THIS HATTER GUY?

uh... WHY SHOULD I TELL... UFFF... YOU?

'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I MIGHT LEAVE YOU HERE 'TIL YOUR HEAD POPS.

ooooOOOoh...

Young Richard's alacrity in outwitting a seven-foot henchman and trussing him up nattily for Gotham's finest is testament in part to Master Bruce's rigorous training regimen.

The rest is proof of Robin's considerable talents for this vocation.

But while the squire made his pursuit, I thought it high time that the knight and master became aware of the evening's adventures.

DEET! DEET! DEET!

LADIES, I'M SO SORRY. I'M AFRAID THIS MIGHT BE BUSINESS.

HURRY BACK, BRUCIE!

EXCUSE ME FOR JUST A MOMENT.

WE WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT YOUR STATELY MANOR.

GO AHEAD, ALFRED.

...

WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN BY "SOLO FLIGHT"?

ALL DRESSED UP WITHOUT SO MUCH AS AN INVITATION TO THE BALL.

AND I EVEN SELECTED A NEW CHAPEAU.

10/6

YOU'RE HERE TO KEEP THE GIRLS SEDATED ONLY.

WHEN THE GUESTS HAVE DEPARTED, YOU'LL RECEIVE THE REMAINDER OF YOUR FEE, AND WE WILL BE ON OUR WAY HOME TO RHEELASIA.

RRRRRAONK!

ROUGH SEAS FOR A PLEASURE CRUISE, MR. PAK.

THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF--

--TROUBLE.

TAKE THIS. CHECK ON THE GIRLS.

YOU DO KNOW HOW TO FIRE A GUN, DON'T YOU, MR. TETCH?

10/6

OH, INDEED I DO. AND ME WITHOUT MY HUNTING CAP.

UNH!

WAKE UP!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM?

JENNY... YOU GOTTA WAKE UP...

"... THINGS ARE GONNA MOVE FAST FROM HERE ON."

SIR, I DON'T BELIEVE THE YACHT CAN OUTRUN THOSE CUTTERS.

ONCE WE TREAD INTERNATIONAL WATERS, THEY'LL HAVE NO AUTHORITY.

I WON'T HAVE THE POLICE SEIZING MY LOVELY NEW FRIENDS, PAK!

I HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN TO KNOW THEM YET!

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

YOU SAY THIS LITTLE NUMBER TELLS THE SHIP WHERE TO GO?

YOU MUST LEAVE, MR. WAYNE. THE BRIDGE IS RESTRICTED TO CREW MEMBERS ONLY.

OUR NAVIGATIONAL EQUIPMENT IS VERY SENSITIVE.

OH, DEAR...

Oopsie. I think I spilled my drink.

FZZZT!

ZZTT!

I DON'T SUPPOSE ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN WOULD CARE TO FETCH ME ANOTHER GLASS?

Yeesh.

WHAT DID THEY *DO* TO YOU?

COME ON... SHAKE IT OFF!

IS IT TEA-TIME, MR. TETCH?

BLAM!!

CONSIDER THAT A WARNING SHOT, YOUNG SIR.

COME OUT WHERE I CAN SEE YOU BETTER.

OR NEXT TIME, IT'S OFF WITH YOUR HE--

--OWW!

TELL ME HOW TO WAKE THEM UP!

SILLY BOY, I'LL ROUSE THEM IF YOU LIKE...

KLIK

"... BUT I'M NOT CERTAIN THEY'LL BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU."

...WE HEAR AND OBEY...

...WE HEAR AND OBEY...

...WE HEAR AND OBEY...

...WE HEAR AND OBEY...

GIRLS? GIRLS! WAKE UP!

REMEMBER, SON... IT'S NOT NICE TO HIT A LADY.

I'M NOT GOING... TO HIT THEM!

I'M GOING TO... unnh... HIT YOU!

GET HIM, LADIES!

DRAG HIM DOWN!

SSHHHKK!

IM OUT!!!

MY HAT!

Huh...?

Whuh-- What's going on?

Wow. My head...

TETCH!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

UNNH!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

TWINKLE-TWINKLE, LITTLE BAT, HOW I WONDER WHERE YOU'RE AT...UP ABOVE THE WORLD YOU FLY, LIKE A TEA-TRAY IN THE SKY...

SHUT UP, TETCH!

THERE HE GOES!

BLAM!

BLAM!

FSSSSHHHT

FSSSSHHHT

GAAAAH!

YOU HIT A-- GUHH-- STEAM LINE!

UNGH!

GUHK!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

UH! UH! UH!

WHERE IS IT?!

WHERE IS MY HAT?!

UNNH!

OW!

THERE'S ANOTHER MAN WHO WAS THERE.

WHERE, MISS?

THAT GUY.

CAN YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT HELP US?

IT'S ALL LIKE A WEIRD DREAM.

THAT MUSIC... YUK.

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, SIR?

I HAVE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.

BESIDES, DO YOU REALLY FEEL YOU ARE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS TO ARREST THE PRESIDENT OF A SOVEREIGN NATION?

BRUCE... PSST! BRUCE!

HUH?

ROBIN?

IS JENNY ALL RIGHT?

I'M NOT SURE WHICH ONE SHE IS, BUT ALL OF THE GIRLS ARE SAFE.

THIS ISN'T THE TIME.

I'M SORRY THAT I HAD TO--

BUT WE *WILL* TALK ABOUT THIS AT HOME.

YOU CAN *COUNT* ON THAT.

I DON'T TAKE YOUR MEANING, SIR.

YOU WERE PART OF THIS, ALFRED?

A WILLING PARTICIPANT.

THEN YOU'RE AS MUCH TO BLAME FOR TONIGHT AS DICK IS.

I SHARE THE BLAME THEN, SIR.

FOR THWARTING AN EVIL SCHEME, BREAKING UP A KIDNAPPING RING, AND RESCUING SOME INNOCENT CHILDREN FROM GOD KNOWS WHAT CALUMNY.

FEEL FREE TO HEAP YOUR SCORN UPON ME, SIR.

BUT THE BOY SOUGHT ONLY TO PROVE HIS WORTH TO YOU AND JUSTIFY YOUR CONFIDENCE IN HIM.

TO TREAT HIM AS THOUGH HE HAD SOMEHOW DONE WRONG WOULD BE A *GRAVE* ERROR.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO ALWAYS BE RIGHT, ALFRED?

I *STRAIN* UNDER THE BURDEN, SIR.

THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU YELL A LOT, RIGHT?

-- YOU'D IMAGINE THE FAMILIES OF THESE GIRLS WERE HAPPY TO SEE THEM AFTER WEEKS OF WORRY--

NO.

THIS IS THE PART WHERE I SAY, "WELL DONE,"

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF.

Huh?

YOU DID THE SPADE WORK. YOU PUT THE CLUES TOGETHER.

AND WHEN THE CRUNCH WAS ON AND I WAS UNAVAILABLE, YOU ACTED ON YOUR OWN.

I'M PROUD OF YOU...

...ROBIN.

All of this does allay my fears somewhat.

Apparently both knight and squire have made the proper choice.

R

LET ME GET THIS *STRAIGHT*... WE'RE CHASING "THE MOTHMOBILE."

AND THE DRIVER'S NAME IS "KILLER MOTH."

CORRECT.

YOU'RE TWO FOR TWO.

SO, IS IT *ME*... OR ARE THE CROOKS GETTING *LAMER* AS WE GO?

WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER JOKER STORY?

PASS. THE LAST ONE GAVE ME NIGHTMARES FOR A WEEK.

WHAT'S THIS GUY'S DEAL, ANYWAY?

VIP VIP VIP

HIS NAME'S DRURY WALKER. KNOWN ALIASES INCLUDE CAMERON VAN CLEER AND LASZLO FURLENBACH.

FOR A PRICE, WALKER PROMISED SMALL-TIME CRIMINALS PROTECTION AS THE KILLER MOTH...

... SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD.

HE'S NOT VERY GOOD AT IT.

MOST OF HIS CLIENTS ARE IN JAIL.

THE REST WANT THEIR MONEY BACK.

GET ME CLOSER, DUKE!

GOTHAM VYD TII

INGRATES!

YOU'D KILL YOUR GREATEST ALLY!

MOTH-RADAR

MOTH-RAYS

KLIK

MOTH-SLICK

MOTH-SCREEN

SPLUUUG!

WOOP!

DAMN!

BRACE YOURSELF.

HOO BOY...

THIS ONE'S GONNA HURT!

SKREETCH!

KA-RRUNK

HAH!

LOSERS!

GOT YOU BO--

CRUD CRUD CRUD...

KERRSH!

"YOU SHOULD HAVE *SEEN* US, ALFRED.

"EVEN AFTER A HEAD-ON *COLLISION*, WE WERE ON TOP OF THE GAME.

... AW, JEEZ... NOT THE NEW MOTH-MOBILE...

... I JUST HAD THE DAMN THING *DETAILED*...

THWAK!

GUH!

"KILLER MOTH HAD A GLASS JAW--"

BACK *OFF*, PUNK!

"-- AND HIS GADGETS WERE STRAIGHT OUTTA THE BACK OF A COMIC BOOK.

WHUZZAH?

SPLUT

SON OF A--!

KLONK!

CHEAP LOUSY COCOON GUN!

"FOR A MINUTE THERE, I THOUGHT HE WAS HOME FREE...

"...BUT THAT COCOON GUN OF HIS BACKFIRED IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE."

TOUGH LUCK, KID... GOTTA FLY!

WAIT! YOUR WINGS!

KRITCH

KRITCH

KRITCH

"THE 'SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD' WOULD HAVE HIT GOTHAM RIVER LIKE BUG-SPLAT ON CONCRETE.

NOOOOO!

"HE'S JUST LUCKY HIS GOOPY *GLUE* DIDN'T FOUL MY JUMP-LINE--

AAAAAHH!

"-- AND THAT I USED TO BE A *FLYING GRAYSON.*"

DON'T *DROP* ME!

PLEASE GOD, DON'T *DROP* ME!

STOP SQUIRMING, YA BIG *BABY...*

I *GOT* YA ALREADY.

"RIGHT NOW, I BET THE MOTH'S *BEGGING* THE CRIMINAL COURT JUDGE NOT TO STICK HIM IN WITH THE GENERAL POPULATION AT BLACKGATE."

STUPID KID...

A *RIVETING* TALE TO BE SURE, MASTER RICHARD.

YOU MUST CERTAINLY BE *COMMENDED* FOR TROUNCING THE DESPICABLE VILLAIN SINGLE-HANDEDLY...

... NOT TO *MENTION* SPARING HIS WASTED LIFE.

ALFIE, A *GIRL* COULD HAVE WHIPPED THE KILLER MOTH.

PRETTY SELF-*ASSURED*, ISN'T HE?

INDEED...

... AND NOT UNLIKE *ANOTHER* BOY I ONCE KNEW LONG AGO.

CHILD ABDUCTOR CAPTURED

LINKED WITH ASIAN CRIME SYNDICATE

Arthur Brown

CLUEMASTER ARRESTED

RUMORS OF HUMAN BAT PROVE FALSE

THE HATTER.

THE CLUEMASTER.

FIREFLY.

AND THAT KILLER MOTH NUT.

Self-Proclaimed Criminal Protector Brought To Justice

REIGN OF TERROR ENDS AS SERIAL ARSONIST IS CAUGHT

THE PAPERS DON'T *SAY* IT.

BUT IT'S THE *BAT*.

AND THAT *BRAT* OF HIS.

THE *TWO* OF 'EM.

ARE *TWICE* THE THREAT.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

HOLY.

HELL!

THE BATMAN HAS A LITTLE *FRIEND*. MAYBE IT'S EVEN HIS SON.

HE *DOES* HAVE A *HEART*.

THAT MEANS HE HAS A *WEAKNESS*.

OUR NEXT SCORE HAS TO BE *BIG*. A *SIGNATURE* CRIME. SOMETHING TO BRING THE BAT RUNNING.

'SCUSE ME, BOSS,

IF THE BAT,

BUT WOULDN'T IT BE *BETTER*.

DIDN'T SHOW.

AFTER THE WAY HE *HUMILIATED* HARVEY DENT? HE *BETRAYED* DENT. MADE A *FOOL* OF DENT.

I WANNA BRING HIM OUTTA THE *DARK*. MAKE HIM *PAY*.

THE *KID* IS THE KEY.

THE *KID* IS THE WEAK LINK.

AIN'T *HE* HARVEY DENT?

SHUT UP!

BEAUTIFUL.

These are the salad days.

All seems right with the world.

1900 BW

The master's string of victories appears to have reduced the crime reports in Gotham.

And the young sir is doing swimmingly with his studies.

He excels at both his schoolwork as well as his "vocational" training.

What is of particular satisfaction is young Richard's adjustment to his situation.

RIGHT HERE! SHOOT IT TO ME, KEV!

BLONK!

OOP!

He's never the brooder his mentor was as a child.

He doesn't seem to struggle to lead a normal adolescence.

JUST A SECOND, ALFRED.

He's had no need to develop the masquerade that master Bruce felt necessary.

SEE YOU GUYS ON MONDAY.

He has not divided his entire life into two aspects.

YOU'RE IN A GOOD MOOD, ALFIE...

AM I?

YOU DIDN'T EVEN *FLINCH* WHEN THE FOOTBALL HIT THE ROLLS.

BUT I HAVE NOT RELAXED *ALL* STANDARDS.

His personality remains the same with or without the mask and boots.

THAT'S ONLY FAIR, I GUESS.

AND *YOU* WILL BE BUFFING OUT THE MARK THE BALL LEFT.

I hope and pray he never has a reason to regret this life he leads.

But even as I write these words I see the folly in them.

SQUISH YOU...LIKE BUG!

WHOA, BIG GUY!

LITTLE... BUG!

YOU GOTTA CATCH ME FIRST!

BUH BRONG!

WHUUH... UUHHHH...?

NORMALLY I WOULDN'T DO THIS... BUT I THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT, DESMOND.

SHRAAAM!!

OUCH.

ROBIN!

MY GOD! YOU TOOK DOWN BLOCKBUSTER!

I HAD TO LEAD HIM AWAY FROM YOU. HE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU.

UHHHHHH...

I USED THE WEAPONS *AVAILABLE* TO ME... JUST LIKE YOU SAID.

LUCKY FOR US MARK DESMOND IS AS *DUMB* AS HE IS *BIG*.

IMAGINE SOMEONE LIKE THAT WITH A *BRAIN* TO MATCH HIS BRAWN.

I'D HATE TO MEET THAT GUY.

NOT YOUR LUCKY NIGHT, JUDGE.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE REMANDED INTO OUR CUSTODY.

YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS, DENT!

ACTUALLY, I DO, JUDGE. I APPEARED BEFORE YOUR BENCH SO MANY TIMES.

NOW YOU APPEAR BEFORE MINE.

I TRIED TO WORK WITH YOU, HARVEY! BUT YOUR BRAND OF JUSTICE--

I MEAN, I'M SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO--

mmp--!

ORDER IN THE COURT, YOUR HONOR!

THIS GABARDINE IS NICE. WE'LL TAKE THIS WITH US.

YOU WANNA LOOK GOOD FOR YOUR DAY IN COURT...

mmp--! hmmp--!

"...A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION IS *HALF* THE BATTLE."

HOW DO I LOOK, ALFIE?

DASHING TO THE LAST, MASTER RICHARD... EVEN *WITH* THE SMUDGE OF TOOTH-PASTE.

Heh... MUST HAVE MISSED THAT...

I DARE SAY THAT I AM PLEASANTLY SURPRISED YOU DECIDED TO "TAKE THE NIGHT OFF," SO TO SPEAK.

A WELL-EARNED VACATION FROM THE RIGORS OF CRIME-FIGHTING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

WELL, IT'S BEEN PRETTY *QUIET*, LATELY.

I GUESS WE'RE REALLY STARTING TO MAKE A *DENT* IN GOTHAM'S BAD-GUY PROBLEM.

BESIDES...

...ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES FOR A DULL BOY WONDER.

C'MON, GRAYSON... *TIP* THE GUY AND LET'S *GO!*

THEN BY ALL MEANS, LAD... *PLAY AWAY.* YOU'VE *EARNED* IT.

I'M GLAD YOU COULD FINALLY *MAKE* IT.

I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU DIDN'T *LIKE ME.*

JEEZ. *NO*, JENNY... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT AT *ALL.*

I KINDA HAVE AN AFTER-SCHOOL JOB...

... BUT MY BOSS FINALLY GAVE ME A NIGHT OFF.

I'M GLAD.

ME TOO.

SO, WHAT'S YOUR JOB LIKE?

IT'S KINDA DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN.

WELL, WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO?

REALLY?

Um... I'M SORTA LIKE A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE LIKE A WATCHMAN'S APPRENTICE, I HELP THE FULL-TIME GUY.

WOW. IT MUST BE PRETTY EXCITING.

SOMETIMES, I GUESS. IT CAN BE.

LEGWORK, MOSTLY. LOTS OF RUNNING AROUND...

IT KEEPS ME IN SHAPE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?! DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?

NO... IT'S NOT YOU. IT'S ME!

I'M SORRY, SOMETHING JUST CAME UP.

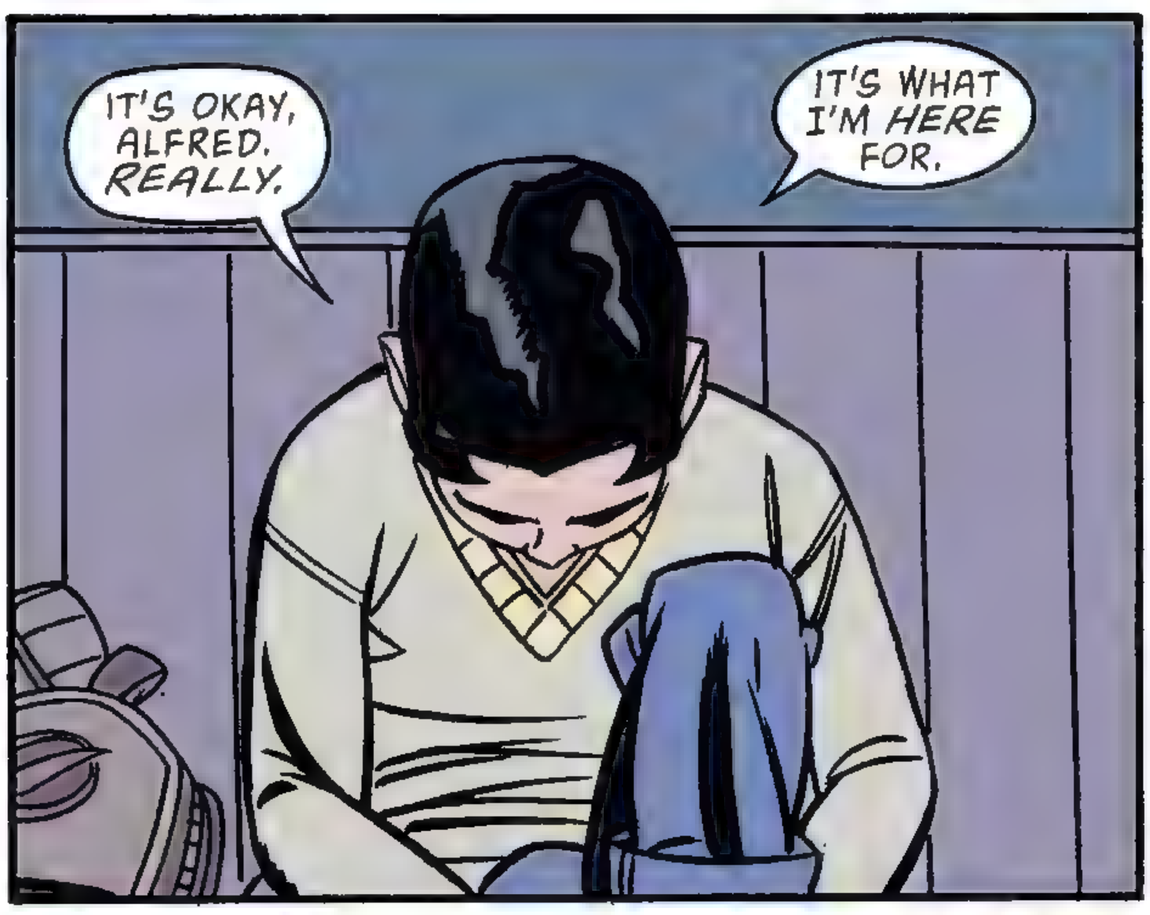
I'LL CALL YOU... I PROMISE!

I'LL SAY.

Um... I LIKE YOUR HAIR.

THANKS.

AW... NOT NOW...


IT'S OKAY, ALFRED. REALLY.
IT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR.

SORRY I'M LATE. WHAT DID I MISS?

JUDGE LAWRENCE WATKINS HAS BEEN ABDUCTED.

KIDNAPPED?

NOT IN THE *STRICTEST* SENSE. THERE'S BEEN NO *RANSOM DEMAND.*

SUSPECTS?

AN EYEWITNESS. THE JUDGE'S *WIFE.* IT WAS *HARVEY DENT* WHO TOOK HIM.

TWO-FACE?

WHAT'RE WE *WAITING* FOR? LET'S START TURNING OVER ROCKS.

CAN I *SPEAK* TO YOU?

ALONE?

GOD KNOWS I DON'T ASK MANY QUESTIONS. I'VE NEVER WANTED SOME OF THE *ANSWERS.*

WHAT'S ON YOUR *MIND,* CAPTAIN?

WHAT'S WITH THE *BOY?*

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I'M CONFUSED.

YOU'VE VOWED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT AND YET YOU HAVE AN *ADOLESCENT* TAGGING ALONG.

I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU HAD HIM AS AN ASSISTANT ON ONE *PARTICULAR* CASE...

BUT IT'S BEEN *MONTHS* NOW. HE'S STILL HERE.

I DON'T GET IT.

IS HE YOUR *SON*?

HE'S MY *PARTNER*.

HE'S *PROVEN* HE'S CAPABLE.

THIS IS *HARVEY DENT* WE'RE TALKING ABOUT--

HE CAN HANDLE IT.

IT'S YOUR CALL. IT'S *ALWAYS* YOUR CALL.

BUT IF ANY *HARM* COMES TO HIM... GOD HELP ME...

I *WILL* DROP ON YOU FROM A GREAT HEIGHT.

YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT THAT WAS ALL *ABOUT?*

THE CAPTAIN IS *CONCERNED* ABOUT YOU.

WHAT'S *HE* WORRIED ABOUT?

I'VE DONE ALL RIGHT.

YOU'VE FACED A *FEW* HEAVY-WEIGHTS. BUT, BY YOUR OWN ADMISSION, SOME OF THEM HAVE BEEN "LAME."

TWO-FACE IS A *WHOLE DIFFERENT STORY.*

HIS HATRED FOR ME RUNS *DEEP.*

HARVEY DENT THINKS I *BETRAYED* HIM, TURNED MY BACK ON HIM WHEN HE WAS DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

AS TWO-FACE, HE'S TWISTED THAT INTO A *VENDETTA.*

HE'LL STRIKE AT *YOU* TO GET TO ME.

SO? HE'S JUST ANOTHER *PSYCHO* WITH A *GIMMICK.*

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE *WRONG.*

HIS OBSESSION WITH DUALITIES IS *NOT* A "GIMMICK." IT RUNS TO THE *CORE* OF HIS MADNESS.

YOU *CANNOT* PSYCH THIS MAN. DON'T EVEN *TRY.*

I'M THINKING OF HAVING YOU SIT THIS ONE OUT.

NO!

YOU CAN'T!

I HEARD YOU TELL GORDON WE'RE PARTNERS.

WE ARE.

SO I'M ASKING YOU TO STAND DOWN.

I...

I'LL LET YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

THE DOCKET IS QUITE FULL... SO I SUGGEST WE GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.

WE ARE ASSEMBLED HERE THIS MORNING TO *RIGHT* A WRONG...

WE'VE COME TOGETHER TO *BALANCE* THE SCALES OF JUSTICE... NO MATTER HOW *PAINFUL* THAT TASK MAY BE.

LIGHTS, PLEASE.

KLIK-KLIK!

LAWRENCE WATKINS, YOU HAVE BEEN CHARGED WITH THE *MURDER* OF FORMER GOTHAM DISTRICT ATTORNEY *HARVEY DENT*.

HOW DO YOU *PLEAD*?

PLEASE BE REMINDED THAT YOU ARE UNDER OATH.

SHREKKK!

AAAHH!

NOTE THAT THE DEFENDANT HAS ENTERED A PLEA OF "NOT GUILTY" ON THIS DAY AT... LET ME SEE... THREE-TWENTY-*TWO* A.M.

HARVEY, *PLEASE*... FOR THE LOVE OF GOD...

AND FOR THE RECORD, THE JURY SHOULD BE REMINDED THAT JUDGE WATKINS HAS ELECTED TO REPRESENT *HIMSELF* IN THIS MATTER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS WITH DEEP REGRET THAT I STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY, TO DENOUNCE A MAN WHO WAS ONCE *SO DEAR* TO ME...

... A MAN WHOSE COURTROOM I REGARDED AS THE *LAST* BASTION OF THE LAW IN GOTHAM CITY...

... A MAN WHO I HAD BEEN *PROUD* TO CALL BOTH MENTOR... AND FRIEND.

PLIK!

TOGETHER, HE AND I... THAT IS... HE AND *HARVEY DENT* TRIED AND CONVICTED THE *WORST* OF GOTHAM'S CRIMINAL OFFENDERS.

THOSE WERE *GOOD TIMES*, WEREN'T THEY, LAWRENCE?

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?!

HARVEY... DON'T *DO* THIS. YOU'RE *BETTER* THAN THIS.

OBJECTION. MOVE TO STRIKE. HEARSAY.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

LAWRENCE WATKINS SOLD OUT!

"GOTHAM'S CELEBRATED 'HANGING JUDGE' ALLOWED A TWO-BIT MOBSTER AN APPEAL.

"WHEN ALL THE EVIDENCE NAILED HIM DEAD-TO-RIGHTS FOR A STRING OF GANGLAND MURDERS.

"WE HAD THE WEAPON.

"WE HAD THE FORENSICS MATCH TRIPLE-CHECKED BY F.B.I. BALLISTICS EXPERTS.

"AND WE EVEN HAD THE COUP DE GRACE... MORONI'S LUCKY SILVER DOLLAR, DROPPED AT THE CRIME SCENE.

"POOR HARV NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.

"JUDGE LAWRENCE WATKINS ALLOWED A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS AND INDECISION *DESTROY* A GOOD MAN'S LIFE."

I... I DIDN'T *KNOW* WHAT MORONI HAD PLANNED...

HARVEY... I *BEG* YOU. STOP THIS TRAVESTY.

HARVEY IS DEAD...

YOU KILLED HIM!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I DON'T THINK YOU NEED TO HEAR *BOTH* SIDES OF THE STORY TO ARRIVE AT THE *TRUTH*.

HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

Ahem... WE *HAVE.*

ON THE COUNT OF FIRST-DEGREE MURDER, WE FIND THE DEFENDANT...

GUILTY.

I'M SO SORRY, LAWRENCE.

BUT YOUR PEERS HAVE SPOKEN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, YOUR SERVICE IS ENDED.

YOU ARE FREE TO GO.

PRESS

YOUR HONOR, THE VERDICT HAS BEEN RENDERED.

WE MERELY AWAIT YOUR SENTENCE.

PAF!

YES, INDEED, YOUR HONOR... I THINK THE STATE WOULD BE MOST WILLING TO FLIP FOR IT.

PLIK

WHRRRRRR

HARSH... BUT FAIR.

AND IT'LL CERTAINLY SEND A CLEAR MESSAGE.

WHU... WHAT DID HE SAY?

HIS HONOR SAID THAT THE PUNISHMENT SHOULD FIT THE CRIME.

M-MORONI...

DEATH BY HANGING FOR THE "HANGING JUDGE."

PERHAPS THE JUDGE IS *ALREADY* DEAD.

THEN HE'D BE OF NO *USE* TO DENT.

HARVEY'S DONE THIS TO LURE *ME* OUT.

HIS NEXT *MOVE* WILL REFLECT HIS *OBSESSION* WITH THE NUMBER TWO.

CLUB 22 IS PLANNING A GALA.

EILEEN DAMASCUS, THE NEWSPAPER HEIRESS, JUST HAD *TWIN* BOYS.

GOTHAM CHARITIES HAS COLLECTED *TWO* MILLION IN DONATIONS.

WHICH LEAD WILL YOU INVESTIGATE *FIRST?*

THE *CHILDREN* TAKE PRIORITY.

HAPPY *HUNTING*, SIR.

CUTE KIDS.

YOU CAN HAVE 'EM BACK WHEN I'M DONE WITH 'EM!

PLEASE DON'T HURT THEM!

WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE? A MONSTER?

DON'T ANSWER THAT.

HAND THE CHILDREN OVER, HARVEY.

HEY, THE GUEST OF HONOR.

I THOUGHT THIS GIG WAS HIGH-PROFILE ENOUGH FOR YOU.

DON'T FORCE MY HAND, BAT.

I'D HATE TO BREAK UP A SET.

EVEN YOU CAN'T BE THIS HEARTLESS, HARVEY.

THEY'RE INNOCENTS.

DON'T DO IT.

HO HO! I WAS HOPING BOTH OF YOU WOULD SHOW.

HARDLY ORIGINAL.

BARELY CONVINCING.

LET'S SEE HOW HIGH A BOUNCING BABY BOY CAN BOUNCE.

NO!

YOU CAN HAVE THE LEFTOVERS, BATS.

DEAR GOD...

NICE CATCH.

Uh--

Unnh!

DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE SAFE--

--NOW?

mah- ma.

FFXH

kaff! kaff! kaff!

Guhhhh... guh...

NIGHTY-NIGHT, BATS.

DUDE'S GOT A GLASS HEAD.

TAKE HIM DOWN TO THE CAR.

I'LL GET THE COSTUMED PEST.

THEN WE'LL START THE TEARFUL REUNION.

WAKEY WAKEY.

ROBIN. Henh.

COME ON.

YOU'RE HOLDIN' UP THE SHOW.

HEY, KID.

WELCOME BACK.

WHAT POSSESSED HIM?

Huh?

YOU WERE THE ONLY CHOICE FOR A COMRADE-IN-ARMS?

I WAS THE BEST CHOICE,

DEFIANT TO THE END,

HA HA HA HA HAH!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU DEAL WITH THIS.

THE FATE OF YOUR BIG SCARY BUDDY.

IT'S A GALLOWS. THE REAL DEAL.

OF COURSE, IT'S CUSTOM.

IT'S BUILT FOR TWOFERS. TWO NECKS STRETCH AT ONCE.

AND THERE'S TWELVE STEPS INSTEAD OF THIRTEEN...

...I HATE ODD NUMBERS.

AND I GET TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE *PULL.*

THE BATMAN AND JUDGE "LET 'EM GO" WATKINS.

THEIR *FATES* ARE *SEALED.*

DOUBLE *DEATH* PENALTIES.

OF COURSE, THERE ARE A FEW *SIDE* BETS OPEN.

NO...

DON'T PLAY HIS GAME, ROBIN...

unnh!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAST WORDS!

THE ODDS ARE FIFTY-FIFTY, WHAT ARE THE *STAKES*, KID?

WHO DIES *FIRST*?

SCARRED FACE IT'S *BATMAN.* CLEAN, IT'S THE *JUDGE.*

SO THE JUDGE IS THE FIRST.

HOW ABOUT BEST TWO OUT OF THREE?

TWO OUT OF THREE. I LIKE IT.

WHAT'S THE BET?

CLEAN SIDE UP, THE JUDGE DOESN'T HANG.

YOUR CALL, BRAT.

WHATD'YA KNOW?

THE KID'S A WINNER!

THE JUDGE DOESN'T HANG.

BUT HE MIGHT JUST WISH HE *HAD.*

BUT THE COIN TOSS--

YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL OF THE *TERMS* WHEN YOU PLACE A BET.

YOU GOTTA BE *REAL* SPECIFIC.

"OTHERWISE YOU FIND YOURSELF IN OVER YOUR HEAD."

WAKE UP, BATS. THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO SEE.

NOW YOU AND YOUR PAL ARE EVEN.

YOU BOTH HAVE BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS.

YOUR PAL KILLED HARVEY DENT.

AND YOU KILLED JUDGE WATKINS.

AND NOW I'M GONNA KILL BOTH OF YOU.

A TWO FOR ONE, BUT YOU'RE FIRST.

AND THE BAT--

--WILL WATCH.

UNNFF!

THE KID CAN TAKE A HIT.

THAT'S GOOD. THERE'S MORE COMIN'.

YOU SEE, HARVEY DENT WAS ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.

BEING GOOD IN THIS TOWN MEANS YOU NEED GUTS.

YOU GOTTA BE TOUGH.

YOU GOTTA DO THINGS THAT AREN'T IN THE LAWBOOKS.

THE BAT DIDN'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR IT.

HE PUNKED OUT ON HARVEY.

THE GREAT OUTLAW PROTECTOR OF GOTHAM HID BEHIND LADY JUSTICE'S SKIRTS.

BUT SHE'S BLIND FOR A REASON, BRAT.

'CAUSE SHE DOESN'T SEE WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE IN HER NAME.

I WANTED YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT.

BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER, I WANTED YOU TO KNOW.

IT WASN'T ME THAT KILLED YOU.

IT WAS THE BAT.

WUMP! TUMP! WUMP!

WUMP! TUMP! WUMP!

FSSSSSS

HOO! THAT'S THIRSTY WORK.

BUT ONE GOOD SHOT TO THE SKULL SHOULD FINISH IT.

THEN THE BAT FOR A DOUBLE PLAY!

uh?

YOU SON OF A--

OOF!

Guh...

Guh...

Guhh...

AGHK!

UK--!

KRAK!

KUNK!

GAK!

DO YOUR WORST. I'VE ALREADY DONE MINE.

I DON'T HAVE *TIME* TO GIVE YOU THE BEATING YOU *DESERVE.*

THIS WILL HAVE TO *DO.*

ROBIN...?

I'M HERE, PARTNER.

I'M *HERE.*

For a long time I would dread coming down to this dank hellhole.

But the advent of young Grayson has forced an alteration in my attitude.

The masters have made much progress in these few short months.

I was opposed initially to the recruitment of the lad in Master Bruce's self-appointed "War on Crime."

But I am prepared to admit my error.

Master Richard has made a difference for the better to our lives.

And I believe also to his own.

I pray I will not be proven wrong on this subject.

SCREECH!

SIR?!

ALFRED... HE'S *DYING.*

J P
R C

R

LET ME MAKE THIS REAL EASY FOR YOU, GORDON...

... THE BOY IS DEAD.

WHO?
ROBIN!
THE BAT'S LITTLE PAL IS OFF FLYING WITH THE ANGELS NOW!
WATCH YOURSELF, DENT... OR I'LL REARRANGE THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR WASTED MUG!
THE BRAT'S TAKING A DIRT-NAP! JUST LIKE WATKINS!
BUT TO BE FAIR, HIS HONOR IS ACTUALLY SLEEPIN' WITH THE FISHES!
SO YOU COULD CALL IT A *DOUBLE HOMICIDE!*
I'LL ONLY BE CONFESSING TO MY *LAWYER* FROM HERE ON OUT.
BAM!
HAHAHAHAHA!
YOU OKAY, CAPTAIN?
NO... NO, I'M NOT.
I ONCE COUNTED THAT MANIAC AS A *FRIEND.*
BUT RIGHT NOW, I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO SEND HIM STRAIGHT TO THE *GAS CHAMBER.*

SO WHERE DO YOU WANT US?

HEAD BACK TO THAT DAMN WAREHOUSE, ROSENZWEIG. SEE IF THE HARBOR PATROL HAS DREDGED UP WATKINS' BODY.

ARE WE PARTNERED UP?

HE CAN HANDLE IT. I NEED YOU TO CANVASS THE HOSPITALS...

...STARTING WITH GOTHAM GENERAL.

WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR?

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A JOHN DOE... D.O.A.

A KID. EARLY TO MIDDLE-TEENS. CAUCASIAN. BLACK HAIR...

...BEATEN TO DEATH.

HEY, CAPTAIN!

I THOUGHT YOU SWORE OFF THE COFFIN NAILS?

CHAK!

BATMAN...

"...WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE?"

HOW'S HE DOING, ALFRED?

THE LAD'S BLEEDING HAS SLOWED... THANK HEAVENS.

BUT HIS THROAT WAS CLOSING OFF FROM THE SWELLING. I HAD TO INTUBATE HIM.

AND I FEAR HE MAY HAVE INTERNAL INJURIES BEYOND MY MEAGER ABILITIES TO TREAT.

HOW LONG DO YOU ESTIMATE UNTIL WE REACH THE HOSPITAL, MASTER BRUCE?

WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE HOSPITAL.

" WE'RE GOING TO LESLIE'S."

DR. THOMPKINS.

MR. PENNYWORTH.

DR. LESLIE THOMPKINS M.D. GOTHAM FREE CLINIC

YOUR TRIAGE WORK IS FIRST-RATE... AS USUAL...

BUT THIS BOY NEEDS AN EMERGENCY ROOM, NOT A GHETTO CLINIC.

I SHARE YOUR DIAGNOSIS, DR. THOMPKINS, THOUGH OUR MUTUAL BENEFACTOR THINKS OTHERWISE.

AFTER ALL, WE HAVE OUR SECRETS TO PRESERVE, DO WE NOT?

I'M ALREADY REGRETTING MY COMPLICITY IN THESE "SECRETS."

SWEET LORD...

BRUCE, WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAPPENED TO THIS BOY?!

HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN THROUGH A *THRESHER!*

JUST TAKE CARE OF HIM, LESLIE. ALFRED WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

YOU'RE NOT *LEAVING?*

I'M SORRY. I HAVE TO GO...

"I NEED TO MAKE SURE THE PERSON WHO DID THIS IS MADE ACCOUNTABLE."

DID YOU GET HIM?

CHAK!

YEAH... TWO-FACE AND HIS TWIN STOOGES WERE RIGHT WHERE YOU SAID THEY'D BE.

WE PULLED WATKINS OUT OF THE RIVER AN HOUR AGO.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR PARTNER?

I BENCHED HIM FOR THIS ONE.

WATKINS' DEATH IS ON MY HEAD ALONE.

WRONG!

DON'T *LIE* TO ME! THIS *ISN'T* HARVEY DENT'S BLOOD!

ROBIN'S ALIVE.

SHOW ME.

YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME ON THIS, JIM.

IF I FIND OUT OTHERWISE, EVERYTHING CHANGES BETWEEN US.

I *MEANT* WHAT I SAID BEFORE.

ROBIN'S RETIRED.

YOU HAVE MY WORD.

THAT USED TO *MEAN* SOMETHING.

IT WASN'T ME WHO KILLED YOU...

IT WAS THE BAT...

IT WAS THE BAT...

IT WASN'T ME WHO KILLED YOU...

ROBIN
NOT GOOD ENOUGH

...THE BAT...

...THE BAT...

...THE BAT...

DICK.

NOOOO!

YOU'RE ALIVE...?

EASY. IT'S OKAY.

YOU WERE DREAMING.

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

LIKE... LIKE I FELL OFF A BUILDING...

... TWICE.

"OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD," RIGHT?

JUST GIVE ME A COUPLE OF WEEKS... AND I'LL BE BACK OUT THERE WITH YOU.

NO, DICK...

YOU WON'T.

Huh?

THIS WAS ALL A TERRIBLE ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

GORDON WAS RIGHT. YOU'RE JUST A BOY.

WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING?

BRUCE... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

YOU'RE FIRED.

"ROBIN'S FINISHED."

GOTHAM KNIGHTS

BRUCE... YOU... YOU CAN'T!

WE'RE A TEAM. WE'RE PARTNERS!

YOU SAID SO YOURSELF!

AND YOU DIDN'T LISTEN!

YOU DISOBEYED A DIRECT ORDER!

AN INNOCENT MAN IS DEAD AND YOU WERE NEARLY KILLED!

THAT'S ENOUGH!

STAY OUT OF THIS, ALFRED.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR... THERE WILL BE AMPLE TIME TO DISCUSS THIS MATTER IN EXHAUSTIVE DETAIL WHEN MASTER RICHARD HAS SUITABLY CONVALESCED.

BRUCE... I'M SORRY...

TWO-FACE... HE TRICKED ME!

I... I THOUGHT I COULD SAVE YOU BOTH!

IT'S OVER, DICK.

"YOU'RE BETTER OFF THIS WAY."

ALFIE...

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?

YOU WILL REST. YOU WILL RECOVER. YOU WILL GO ON WITH YOUR LIFE.

SURE.

IS THERE ANYTHING I MIGHT GET YOU, YOUNG SIR?

NOTHING.

VERY WELL.

PERHAPS LATER.

Words alone cannot express my sorrow and guilt.

Just as well, for I cannot voice them either to Master Bruce or his young ward.

If only I had spoken out more vociferously against Master Richard's joining the crusade.

Now his hopes are as crushed as his young body.

And I share the blame.

If only...

GOOD MORNING, SIR. MAY I PREPARE YOUR BREAKFAST?

Master Bruce continues as before in an even grimmer manner.

If that is possible.

The young sir adjusts his schedule to normal waking hours.

I suspect to avoid contact with his mentor. His former mentor.

Neither utters anything to, or about, the other.

Nevertheless, Master Richard attacks his recuperation with great zeal.

There is nothing like physical suffering to mask an even deeper pain.

He is quite withdrawn and receding more and more each day.

I only wish there were something I might do.

But that is not my place.

Ah... THE FIRST SNOW-FLAKES OF WINTER.

SOON, I'LL BE ABLE TO GET SOME FRESH AIR.

WHEN THE MERCURY DROPS TO A MORE COMFORTABLE LEVEL.

Thuh- THAT'S SWUH- *SWELL*, MR. FREEZE. IS IT CUH-COLD ENOUGH TO TURN OFF THE SNOW-MAKER?

PUT ON ANOTHER SWEATER, FROSTY.

Whuh- WEARING *F-FOUR* NOW.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE COMING, FROSTY.

Yuh- YEAH?

I'VE WAITED ALL YEAR FOR THIS.

Yuh-yuh... LIKE CHRISTMAS, HUH?

I DETEST SUCH SENTIMENTAL TWADDLE.

BUT THE SEASON PROVIDES SEVERAL OPPORTUNITIES.

Yuh-YEAH. LOTS'A CUH-CASH AROUND.

PEOPLE BUYING GIFTS AND STUFF.

THAT IS TRUE...

... BUT A PEDESTRIAN GOAL. WE CAN DO *BETTER* THAN THAT.

SOMETHING MORE VALUABLE THAN MONEY.

INFINITELY MORE.

Muh-MORE VALUABLE THAN MONEY?

IN FACT, IT'S SOMETHING THAT NONE OF US CAN LIVE WITHOUT.

GOTHAM GENERAL

A REMARKABLE RECOVERY, DICK.

ARE YOU SURE, DR. THOMPKINS?

THAT'S WHY I HAD YOU COME TO GENERAL FOR TESTS. THEY HAVE EQUIPMENT I JUST CAN'T AFFORD YET.

AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO GO TO BRUCE FOR ANOTHER HANDOUT.

HE WOULDN'T MIND.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER.

YEAH. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE FOR ME.

YOU DID ALL THE WORK. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU PUSHED YOUR PHYSICAL THERAPY TO THE MAX.

I MIGHT EVEN SAY YOU'RE STRONGER NOW THAN WHEN YOU WERE FIRST BROUGHT TO ME.

TELL THAT TO BRUCE.

WHAT'S THAT?

YOU WOULDN'T UNDER-STAND.

TRY ME.

WELL, I...

RADIOLO
DEPARTM

I HAVE VERY LITTLE TIME TO WASTE.

THE POLICE WILL ARRIVE SOON, I'M CERTAIN.

AND THEN THINGS MAY GET UGLY.

NOW, WILL SOMEONE KINDLY SHOW ME THE WAY TO THE BLOOD BANK?

ENCOURAGE SOMEONE, FROSTY.

OKAY, DOC. WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE JUICE?

Wha... WHAT DO YOU NEED IT FOR?

I TOLD YOU I WAS PRESSED FOR TIME.

BLAZK!

GAAAH!

YOUR ARM IS FROZEN TO THE BONE. IT COULD SNAP LIKE FINE CRYSTAL.

WILL YOU HELP US... OR WILL YOU NEED A LESSON IN PHYSICS?

nnnngh...

I'M QUITE SERIOUS, DOCTOR.

NO.

DON'T.

I'LL TAKE YOU.

YOUR ASSOCIATES WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE THAT.

THE REST OF YOU STAY AS YOU ARE.

Ah, PEARLS BEYOND PRICE.

WHAT TYPES DO YOU WANT?

ALL OF IT. I WANT EVERY DROP.

HURRY, BOYS.

WHAT DOES HE NEED THAT MUCH BLOOD FOR?

NOTHING GOOD.

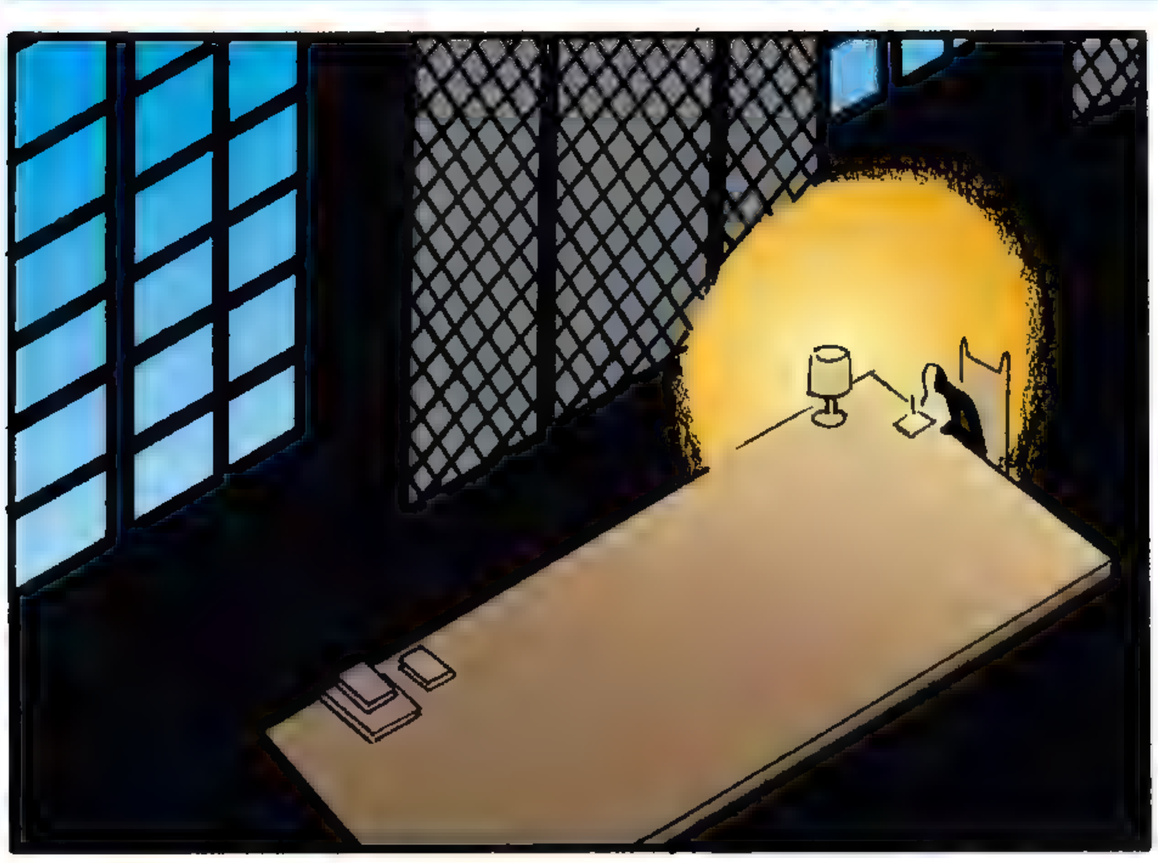
EVERYBODY STAY PUT!

FOLLOW US AND THE ONLY BLOOD WE'LL SPILL IS YOURS!

DICK!

HULL'S

FISH · MARK



Bruce

I DON'T GET IT, BOSS...

... IT'S COLDER'N HELL IN HERE! WHAT'S WITH THE ICEBOXES?

WE MUST KEEP THE BLOOD ABOVE FREEZING.

IRONICALLY, THESE FREEZERS INSULATE THE CONTAINERS FROM THE COLD.

EACH YEAR AROUND THE HOLIDAY SEASON, THE CITY'S BLOOD SUPPLY DIPS DANGEROUSLY LOW AS GOTHAMITES LOSE INTEREST IN DONATING.

THINK OF THE POOR UNFORTUNATES WHO WILL DIE IF THE THE CITY DOES NOT MEET OUR DEMANDS.

" LET'S PRAY THAT THE CITY FATHERS ARE IN A *GIVING MOOD* THIS CHRISTMAS."

YOU HEARD ME, YOUR HONOR.

YOU'RE INSANE!

THAT IS IMMATERIAL.

TEN MILLION DOLLARS? WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?

HOW DO I EVEN KNOW YOU HAVE THE BLOOD?

SHALL I POUR A GALLON ON THE FLOOR FOR YOU?

I HAVE THE SWEET FLUID, AND AT ITS OPTIMUM TEMPERATURE.

NOW YOU RAISE THE BRIDGE TOLLS... CLOSE THE SCHOOLS... LAY OFF THE COPS... CASH IN YOUR T-BILLS...

... I DON'T CARE *HOW* YOU GET IT...

"... JUST GET ME MY MONEY."

KET

LL'S

UNNH--!

BLANG!

AAH!

UHN!

MASTER RICHARD?

I HAVE ACQUIRED THE INGREDIENTS FOR ONE OF YOUR FAVORITES.

CRAB-STUFFED MUSHROOMS...

EXCUSE ME, BUT MY CLIENT WISHES TO SPEAK TO A DETECTIVE.

I THOUGHT HE WAS DOING ALL OF HIS TALKING THROUGH *YOU*, COUNSELOR.

I REGRET TO SAY THAT MR. DENT HAS *DISMISSED* ME.

HE WISHES TO CONFESS.

A CONFESSION?

CASE CLOSED?

GET A TAPE RECORDER.

YEAH.

AND GET SOMEONE TO CALL THE D.A. IN HERE!

YEAH.

READY TO SPILL IT ALL, DENT?

I WANT THIS OFF MY SOUL... THIS SIN...

THAT'S THE BEST WAY, ISN'T IT?

...I WANT TO BE FORGIVEN...

MAY I BE UN-MANACLED SO I CAN WRITE A CONFESSION?

WE'LL RECORD IT, DENT.

YOU DON'T NEED TO WRITE IT.

AND AFTER I WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE.

...

MAN-- TRYING TO FIND ONE OF THESE WITH CHARGED BATTERIES...

...VINCE...?

BWOOOP--!

A DAMN SHAME.

YOU'D THINK THEY'D PAY COPS ENOUGH TO DRESS BETTER...

WHAT IS OUR NEXT ORDER OF BUSINESS, MR. DENT?

FIRST, I CHANGE CLOTHES.

THEN, WE CELEBRATE.

YOU GOT NOTHIN', SNOW.

I GOT ENOUGH TO BEAT YOU, ICE.

WELL, SOMEBODY MAKE A PLAY!

THREE QUEENS. READ 'EM AN' WEEP.

MY TEARS ARE FROZEN SOLID, FROSTY.

SO'S THE PIZZA.

SLAM!

UNF!

WHAT'S GOIN'--?

WHO DID--?

HEY!

BAM! THUD!

THIS IS NOT A BUDGET MEETING, MR. MAYOR.

THIS IS A PURELY CRIMINAL EXERCISE.

THESE NEGOTIATIONS ANNOY ME. THE PRICE IS TEN MILLION.

PONY UP, OR I SEND YOU THE BLOOD IN FREEZE-DRIED...

... CRYSTALS.

BLAM!

AW, NO...

AARRRH!

K-KRK!

IT'S HIM! THAT KID!

GET HIM!

I'LL HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK.

SORRY ABOUT THIS, BOY.

BLZRK

UH?!

YOU LITTLE--

SO SIMPLE A PLAN... SO MANY COMPLICATIONS.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, KID!

NO...

... YOU HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

BLAZZK!

FROST! ICE! SNOWY!

GOOD LORD...

YOU ANNOYING LITTLE GNAT!

BLAZZK!

I'LL SEE YOU ON ICE FOR THAT!

I'M GOING TO FREEZE YOUR HANDS--

-- AND SNAP OFF YOUR FINGERS!

ONE...

...BY ONE...

...BY ONE!

YOU PUT ME TO A LOT OF TROUBLE.

THROWING OFF MY WHOLE TIMETABLE.

I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T MEAN IT...

... PLEASE... DON'T HURT ME...

THIS ISN'T A CHRISTMAS STORY, BOY.

NO HAPPY ENDINGS FOR--

--YOU?

OH.

KUH-KRSSH!

BA

H!

LOOKS LIKE YOU NEEDED A LESSON IN PHYSICS, FREEZE.

... EXTORTION. ASSAULT. TERRORISTIC THREATS...

... AND IF THOSE HOOD-CICLES DON'T THAW OUT LIKE YOU SAID, YOU'RE LOOKING AT FIVE COUNTS OF MURDER ONE.

I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS OPERATION FOR MONTHS, YOU LITTLE SNOT.

ONE DAY, I'LL HAVE YOUR SPOOKY FRIEND'S HEAD ON AN ICICLE AND I'LL END THIS LITTLE GAME OF "NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH" ONCE AND FOR ALL!

BAD GUY

SURE THING, FREEZE.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PUNK!

NOT ONE MOVE!

YOU CAN RELAX, CAPTAIN GORDON.

IT'S ME.

DAMMIT, SON... I COULD HAVE SHOT YOU.

WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME.

THAT'S NOT VERY DAMN FUNNY.

WELCOME BACK, FREIS. NICE BOXERS.

... blasted meddling child...

THE BLOOD IS UPSTAIRS... ALONG WITH SOME FLASH-FROZEN MOOKS.

ARE YOU... *UNDERCOVER* TONIGHT, ROBIN?

CAPTAIN GORDON... I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE ME AND ALL...

... BUT I WANTED TO SAY THAT IT'S BEEN A REAL HONOR WORKING WITH YOU, SIR.

I LIKE YOU JUST *FINE*, SON.

I JUST WORRY ABOUT THE KINDS OF TROUBLE OUR MUTUAL FRIEND IN THE COWL LEADS YOU INTO.

THAT WON'T BE A PROBLEM ANYMORE, SIR.

I'M OUT OF THE VIGILANTE BUSINESS.

GOOD FOR YOU, KID.

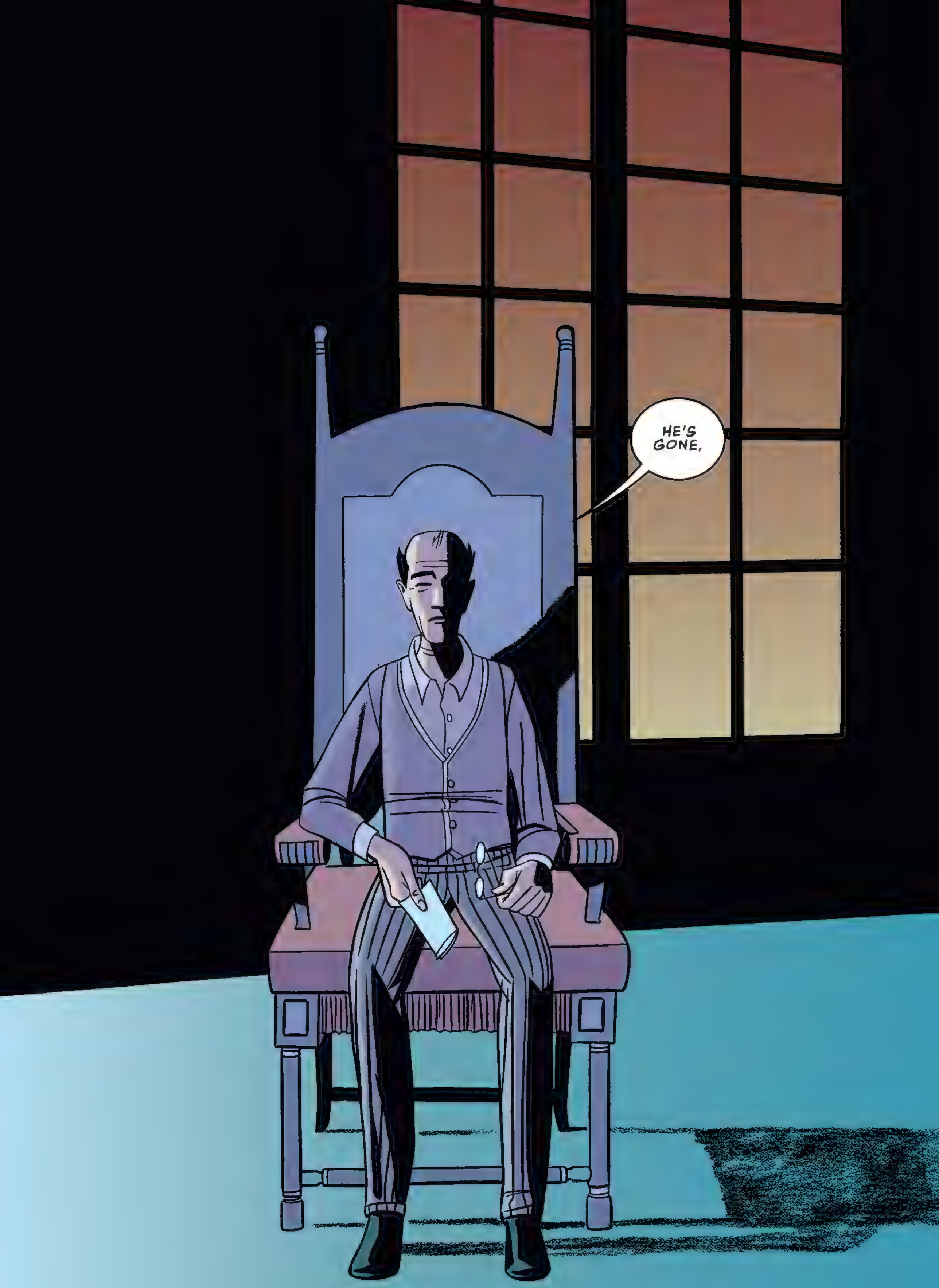
YOU DON'T NEED THIS GARBAGE.

HOW TOUCHING.

SCREEP!

KLIK!

ALFRED?


HE'S GONE.

THE LAD LEFT A *LETTER* BEHIND.

I TOOK THE INITIATIVE IN READING IT ON YOUR BEHALF...

... GIVEN YOUR BUSY SCHEDULE.

ALFRED, I--

"DEAR, BRUCE..."

"...I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO MOVE ON."

"I'M NOT SURE WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO IF I'M NOT ALLOWED TO HELP YOU ANYMORE.

DEET!

"ALFRED DOESN'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ENTERTAINING ME AND TAKING CARE OF YOU, TOO.

"YOU DON'T WANT A PARTNER.

HALY'S CIRCUS

THREE-NIGHT ENGAGEMENT ONLY!

"AND YOU DON'T NEED A SON."

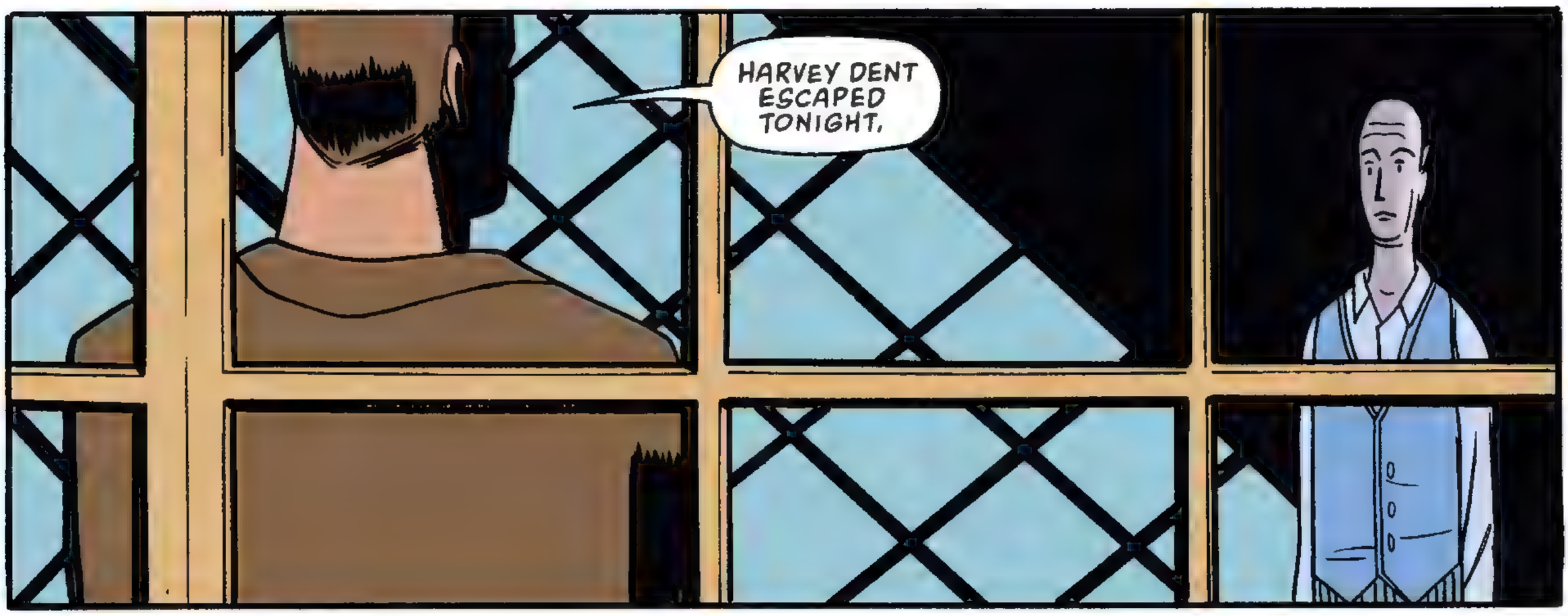
FOOSH!

"I'M SORRY I FAILED YOU.

"I WON'T FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE GIVEN ME."

"THANKS FOR TEACHING ME HOW TO BE STRONG."
"DICK."

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?


HARVEY DENT ESCAPED TONIGHT.

"TWO-FACE IS FREE."
MURDERER ESCAPES
3100 $
MURDERER ESCAPES
500 $
NO...
20%
MURDERER ESCAPES
BAD NEWS THERE, TOUGH GUY?
AS BAD AS IT GETS.
LOOK, FELLAS... I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.
JUST LET ME THROUGH AND WE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT EACH OTHER.
UH-UH, TOUGH GUY.
WE'RE THROWIN' DOWN RIGHT HERE.

YOUR CHOICE... FACE OR GUT?

NEITHER!

GET HIM!

GURK!

Guh!

THAK!

OW!

KRAK!

Uhn!

YOU WARMED UP YET, TOUGH GUY?

JUST WALK AWAY...

... I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO PLAY ANYMORE,

WHO'S PLAYING?

HURN!

WHAMP!

FOUR OPPONENTS.

A MINUTE, FIFTY-THREE SECONDS.

CLAP

AIKIDO, JUDO, SAVATE... AND A SMATTERING OF CAPOEIRA.

MASTER LIMPOPO?

DOESN'T MATTER... I'M IMPRESSED NONETHELESS.

STYLE, GRACE... AND A BIT OF FLAMBOYANCE, BUT WITHOUT THE OBTRUSIVENESS AND PITFALLS OF ARROGANCE.

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHRIKE?

I DON'T USUALLY TAKE ON NEW PUPILS SO LATE IN THE SEMESTER...

... BUT I THINK I MIGHT MAKE AN EXCEPTION FOR SOMEONE WITH YOUR *CONSIDERABLE* TALENTS.

JP

RC

LISTEN VERY CLOSELY TO ME.

IF YOU UTTER THE WORDS "CONTRACT" OR "HIT" ONCE MORE, I WILL REACH THROUGH THE GLASS AND KILL YOU WHERE YOU SIT.

NO NEWSPAPERS RADIOS

NO TALKING LOUD

NO PRISONERS CONTACT WITH PHYSICAL

YOU'LL BE QUITE DEAD BEFORE THE GUARDS CAN CROSS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US, MR. MINETTE.

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

NO LOUD TALKING

NO RADIOS NEWSPAPERS

NO PHYSIC CONTACT W PRISONER

YEAH.

CRYSTAL CLEAR.

0095678 4ZB

MY *LIFESTYLE* NECESSITATES A CERTAIN MEASURE OF *DISCRETION*, MR. MINETTE.

SO DO TRY TO KEEP YOUR PASSIONS IN CHECK.

EVEN *REVENGE* DEMANDS DEGREES OF CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

I'LL FINISH THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH YOUR BUSINESS ASSOCIATE.

WE WON'T MEET AGAIN.

CAN I SAY SOMETHING NOW?

BY ALL MEANS.

HARVEY DENT LEFT ME HERE TO *ROT*.

DO HIM SLOW.

"I WANT THE FREAK TO SUFFER."

YOU SHRIKE?

I AM.

YOU'RE MISTER MINETTE'S PARTNER?

NEPHEW, NAME'S ANTHONY.

I RUN THE SHOW WHEN UNCLE JOEY'S "UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED."

HE SAID I WUZ TO GIVE YOU THIS...

... FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

HARVEY DENT 1001002

COMBINATION'S "OH-OH-NINE," FIRST THREE NUMBERS ON THE OLD MAN'S PRISON GRAYS.

HOW UTTERLY DROLL.

THAT MEANS *FUNNY*, RIGHT?

ME AND THE BOYS THOUGHT SO TOO.

I HEAR STUFF ABOUT YOU *LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS* GUYS.

YOU'RE NO JOKE WITH ALL THAT NINJA CHOP-SOCKY HOO-HA, AM I RIGHT...?

IF YOU GOT A CARD, MAYBE I CAN DRUM UP SOMETHIN' FOR YA WHEN THE OLD MAN GOES AND I'M IN CHARGE *FULL-TIME.*

AND WHAT IF I FIND MYSELF IN THE EMPLOY OF ONE OF YOUR COMPETITORS?

ONE ENCOUNTER WITH THE LEAGUE IN A LIFETIME IS *ENOUGH* FOR MOST MEN, ANTHONY.

TWICE JUST BEGS FATE.

I... I...

TELL MR. MINETTE THAT I *ACCEPT* HIS OFFER.

"HE CAN READ ABOUT MR. DENT'S UNTIMELY DEMISE IN THE GOTHAM GAZETTE."

THE GOTHAM GAZETTE

TWO-FACE MANHUNT CONTINUES

FBI TASK FORCE ASSISTING

SHAKE!!!

YOU EXPECT ME TO SPILL WHERE TWO-FACE IS HIDING OUT?

I GOTTA TELL YA, SPOOKY...

... *ONE* OF US IS ON THE *WRONG* SIDE OF THE RUBBER ROOM.

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT HE'S ALREADY RECRUITED MOST OF YOUR OLD GOON SQUAD?

JUST THE GILHOOEY TWINS.

YOU *KNOW* HARVEYKINS IS *ONLY* INTERESTED IN *MATCHED* SETS.

HE'S *CRAZY* LIKE THAT.

GUARD.

I'M FINISHED HERE.

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

Spoil-Sport.

HE'S UNBOLTED THE CHAIR.

SEE THAT HIS FURNITURE PRIVILEGES ARE REVOKED.

TOOK ME *THREE WEEKS*...

I HAD TO *SWALLOW* THE NUTS...

DON'T *ASK* ME WHAT I DID WITH THE *BOLTS*.

I *HEARD* WHAT HARV *DID* TO YOUR LITTLE BIRDIE, BATS!

WHATTA *GUT-BUSTER!*

WHEN YOU *CATCH* OL' DOUBLE-TROUBLE, *REMIND* HIM OF SOMETHING, WILL YA?

NAME: UNKNOWN

PATIENT MUST WEAR RESTRAINTS OUTSIDE OF ROOM

I CALLED FIRST DIBS.

NAH, MR. PENNYWORTH... NOBODY'S SEEN THE LITTLE GUY.

WE'LL BE SURE TO KEEP AN EYE OUT, THOUGH.

FIVE MINUTES, EVERYBODY!

LISTEN, WE GOT A SHOW TO PUT ON.

I'LL CALL YOU FROM OUR NEXT BOOKING.

I WOULD APPRECIATE THAT VERY MUCH, MR. POTEET.

GOOD EVENING TO YOU, SIR.

...,

....

The holidays have come and gone with little joy or celebration.

The weeks since wear on and still there is no sign of young Richard.

I had believed with all hope that he would have returned to the familiar comforts of the big top and circus lights...

... but it has become painfully clear that the lad had lighted out for parts unknown to both Master Bruce and myself.

Master Richard learned his lessons all too well.

He has no intention of being discovered.

Like his Knight, the Squire also knows how to become invisible in the dark.

SIR...

LEAVE IT.

MASTER RICHARD HAS NOT RETURNED TO *HALY'S CIRCUS*, NOR HAS HE MADE FURTHER CONTACT WITH DOCTOR THOMPKINS.

HE'LL TURN UP.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR...

YOU GAVE THE BOY HOPE AND SNATCHED IT AWAY WHEN HE FELL SHORT OF YOUR CONSIDERABLE AND *UNREALISTIC* EXPECTATIONS.

THERE'S NO REASON FOR HIM TO COME BACK.

"AND I FEAR WE'LL NEVER SEE MASTER RICHARD AGAIN."

READY?

AS I'LL EVER BE.

Unnh!

BOONE!

YOU OKAY?

I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU THAT HARD.

DID I BREAK SOME-THING?

:snif: :snif:

LET ME SEE. MAYBE IT'S NOT SO BAD...

:snif:

HA!

OOP!

SOFT, FREDDY.

SYMPATHY CAN BE USED FOR YOU... OR AGAINST YOU.

SO I SEE.

YOU GUYS, SHRIKE'S BACK.

YOU'VE BEEN WANTING ACTION.

WELL, I HAVE SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL ENJOY.

THERE'S A LITTLE-KNOWN SECRET THAT I'M GOING TO SHARE WITH YOU...

"THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES HAS AN ANNEX WHERE IT KEEPS UNEXHIBITED TREASURES."

"THE PLACE IS A FORTRESS."

"OLD WORLD CONSTRUCTION AND NEW AGE SECURITY."

"YOU'LL NEED TO USE EVERY SKILL I TAUGHT YOU TO GET INTO THIS PLACE."

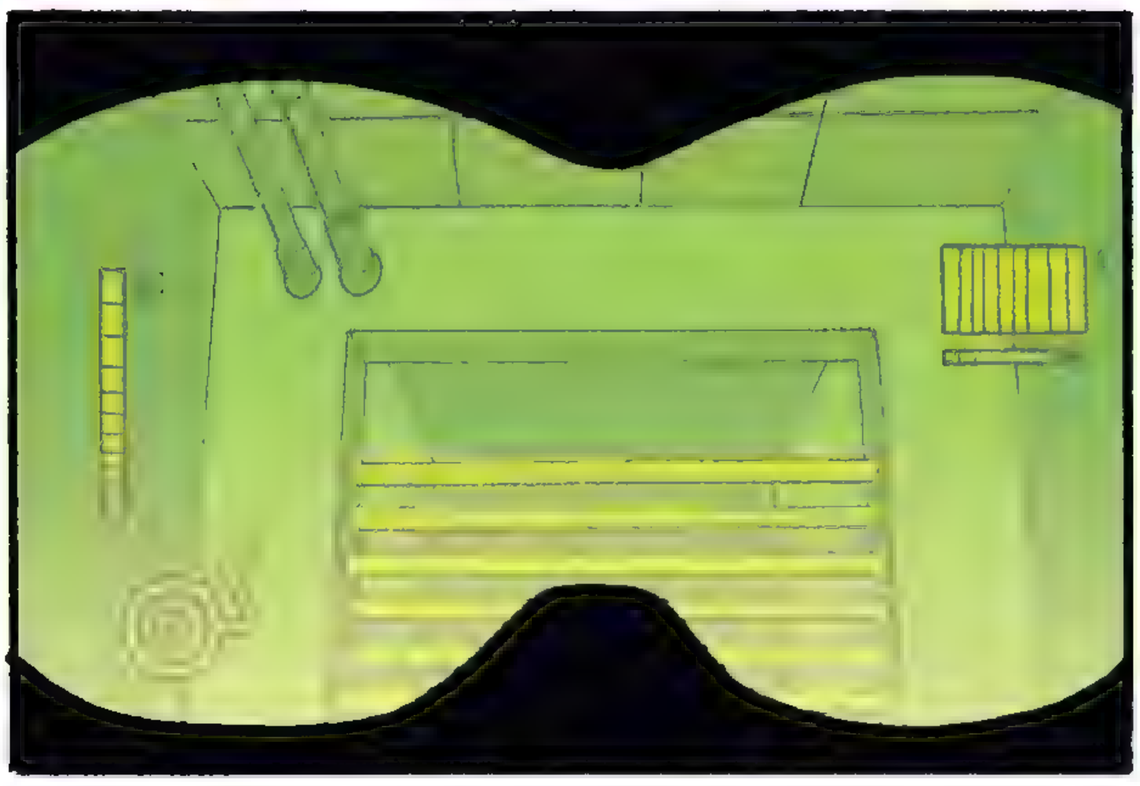
"YOUR TASK IS SIMPLE..."

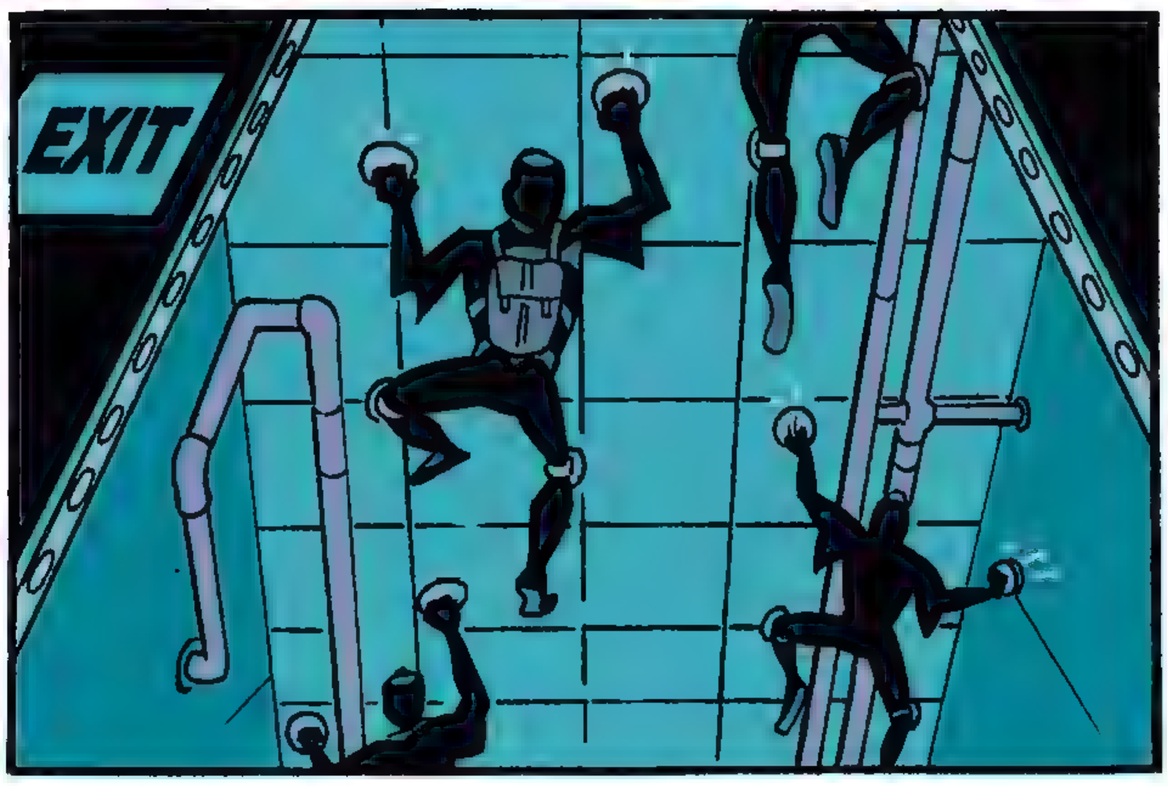
SECURI

" I WANT YOU TO FIND AND ENTER THE RARE MANUSCRIPTS ROOM."

RITY
P

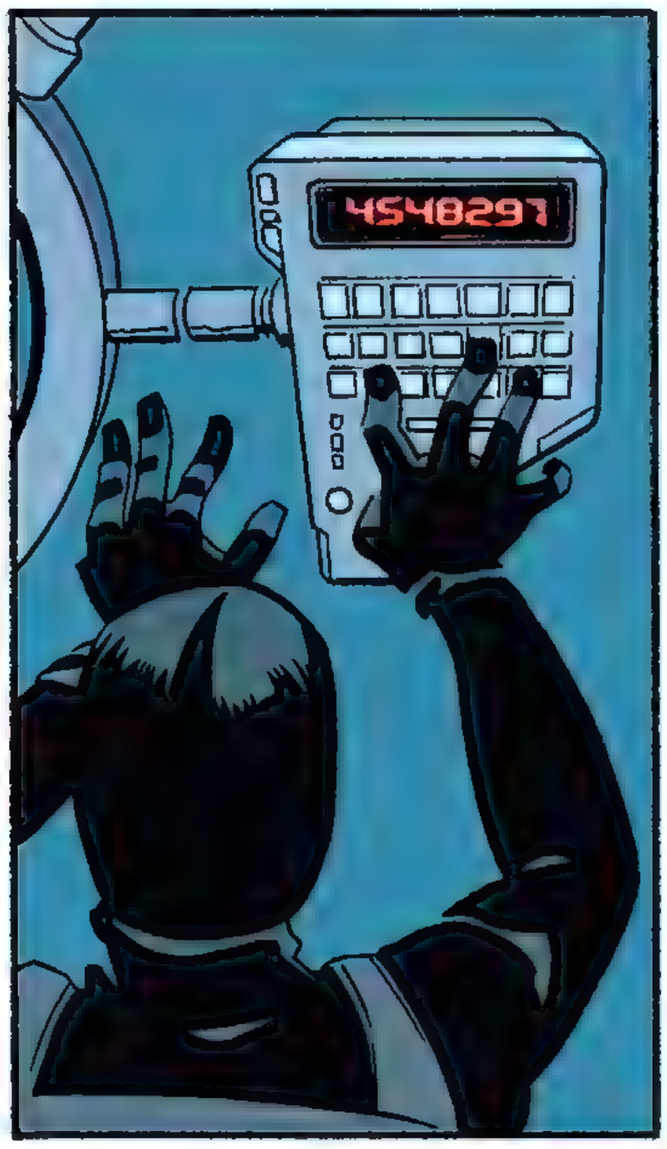
NO.




EXIT

SECURITY

LEVEL 5
URITY ACCESS ONLY
RARE
NUSCRIPTS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Huh?

SHRIKE?

EXCELLENT WORK.

YOU'VE PASSED THE TEST. NOW WE MOVE ON TO MORE SERIOUS PURSUITS.

AM I THE LEADER OF THIS BUNCH OR NOT?

FREDDY HERE STOPPED ME FROM DOIN' A GUARD. HE DOESN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO--

IDIOT.

unnh!

YOU WEREN'T TOLD TO KILL *ANYONE*. BURGLARY IS ONE THING...

... BUT NEVER MURDER, *UNLESS* THE PRICE IS RIGHT. WHICH BRINGS US TO THE WORK AT HAND...

... YOUR FINAL EXAM.

IS THIS WHO I THINK IT IS?

WOO.

YOUR QUARRY. NOTHING LESS OR MORE.

BUT CERTAINLY A MURDER FOR THE RIGHT PRICE.

PROBLEM, FREDDY?

NO... NO PROBLEM.

JUST A QUESTION...

... WHEN DOES HE DIE?

TOMORROW.

WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO 'TIL THEN, SHRIKE?

COMPLETE PHASE TWO OF TONIGHT'S EXERCISE.

YOU FOUND YOUR WAY IN STEALTHILY ENOUGH--

-- FIND YOUR WAY OUT.

FIRE ALARM

TOLD YOU HE WAS GOOD.

I'VE NO DOUBT OF MISTER LOYD'S FIGHTING PROWESS.

THOUGH I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT "FREDDY LOYD" IS NOT HIS REAL NAME,

YEAH, WELL... I TRUST HIM.

EVEN IF I HAVE TO KNOCK HIM AROUND A LITTLE.

BOONE.

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I DRILL IT INTO YOUR THICK LITTLE SKULL?

IN THIS OCCUPATION, YOU CAN ILL AFFORD TO TRUST ANYONE--

"-- LEAST OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS."

JAMES GORDON
CAPTAIN OF POLICE

THE GOTHAM GAZE

SPRANG MUSEUM HEIST!

DID THEY FORGET THEIR LOOT?

... GANG BREAKS INTO THE RARE MANUSCRIPTS VAULT, ASSAULTS A COUPLE OF GUARDS AND PULLS THE FIRE ALARM...

... BUT DOESN'T STEAL A SINGLE PIECE OF PARCHMENT OR PAPYRUS.

THIS STUFF USUALLY SMACKS OF *EDDIE NIGMA* OR *ARTHUR BROWN*, BUT THEY'RE BOTH REHABILITATING OVER IN BLACKGATE, THANKS TO *YOU*.

I'D DEVOTE MORE TIME AND MANPOWER TO IT IF MOST OF MY COPS WEREN'T TURNING THE CITY UPSIDE-DOWN LOOKING FOR TWO-FACE.

THAT'S THEIR JOB.

HARVEY KILLED A DETECTIVE TO BUST OUT OF HERE.

YOU KNOW, COP KILLERS GET *SPECIAL TREATMENT* IN GOTHAM.

FROM WHOM?

THE ONES PAID TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY...

... OR THE ONES GUNNING FOR THE REWARD MONEY OFFERED UP BY JUDGE WATKINS' WIDOW?

YOU KNOW...

... WHEN THE *BOY* WAS AROUND, OUR MEETINGS WERE DECIDEDLY MORE *OPTIMISTIC*.

HOW IS HE?

RETIRED.

SO YOU'VE SAID.

ANY THOUGHTS ON WHERE DENT'S HOLED UP?

I'LL FIND HIM.

TWO-FACE WILL GO WHERE HE ALWAYS GOES TO HIDE...

"... DOWN SOME RAT-HOLE WITH THE REST OF THE VERMIN."

I HAVE TO TELL YA, LOUIS...

THIS IS THE LIFE!

2020 DOUBLEDAY

A NOVEL IDEA FOR A SAFE HOUSE, MR. DENT... THOUGH I DOUBT MR. AND MRS. HENNESSEY EXPECTED GUESTS.

WE MAY HAVE TO PREPARE AN "ILLEGAL ENTRY" BRIEF IN YOUR DEFENSE.

I THINK YOU'RE JUMPING THE GUN, LOUIS...

MR. HENNESSEY AND I'VE NEGOTIATED REASONABLE TERMS.

HE WAIVES ALL HIS RIGHTS AND AGREES TO THE SEIZURE OF HIS PROPERTY--

-- WHILE I POSTPONE FURTHER LITIGATION.

RARF! RARF! RARF!

GET BACK HERE!

STUPID MUTTS!

RAHR! RAHR! RAHR!

JUST WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON OUT THERE, LOUIS?!

RAHR! RAHR! RAHR!

RAHR!
RAHR!
RAHR!
RAHR!
RAHR!
RAHR!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY PUPPIES?
I... I AIN'T GOT THE *FAINTEST*, BOSS!
WE'VE BEEN AROUND THE FENCES A HALF-DOZEN TIMES *ALREADY*...
THINK MAYBE THE DOGS'VE GONE RABID OR SOMETHIN'?
I WISH YOU HADN'T SAID THAT, CARL...
PLIK!
"... BUT THERE AIN'T NOTHING OUT THERE!"
BLAM

...'CAUSE NOW I GOTTA PUT 'EM DOWN.

BLAM!

I'M GOING TO BED.

SOMEBODY BURY MY DOGS.

THESE WHISTLES WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

THANK FREDDY HERE. IT WAS *HIS* IDEA.

YEAH, BUT THE DOGS WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GET SHOT...

... JUST LOCKED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.

YOU GONNA CRY OVER SCARFACE IN THERE WHEN WE DO HIM?

I LIKE YOU, FREDDY... BUT YOU'RE GIVIN' ME A BAD FEELING.

BOONE, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU *FEEL* ANY BETTER...

... I'LL DO HIM *MYSELF.*

OH!

KLIK!

WHERE?

Mmpph!
YOU BOYS HAVE CAUGHT ME INDISPOSED.

FREDDY...
SHALL I JUST LET GO OF YOUR FRIEND HERE AND FLIP MY LUCKY PIECE...
...OR CAN I CONSIDER THIS A TWO-FOR-ONE DEAL?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FREDDY?
DON'T YOU WANT TO PLAY?

NO.

HUH?

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY.

YOU LITTLE...

EVERYBODY PLAYS!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

YOU TAKE YOUR CHANCE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

mmp! mbbn!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

TOC! TOC! TOC!

NOBODY CASHES OUT UNTIL I--

WOK!

UNGH!

BLAM!

RUN, BOONE!

RUN!

yuh-YEAH.

KRAK!

OW!

OOF!

KRAK!

Unnh!

uhhh...

GO AHEAD...

BRAT... DEAD, BRAT...

YOU'LL WISH YOU TOOK THAT SHOT!

DAMN.

DOUBLE DAMN!

C'MON, FREDDY! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

FOUND THE HUSBAND. SECOND FLOOR CLEAR, NO PERPS.

THE MISSUS IS SAFE TOO.

NO PERPS DOWN HERE EITHER.

WE'D BETTER SEARCH THE GROUNDS. SOMEBODY CALL GORDON.

Bruce-
I found Harvey Dent, but lost him again. You're not the only one looking for him.

A guy name Shrike is running a school for killers... kids my age.

He calls it a Vengeance Academy. I kind of got in over my head.

I'm going back there because he's got some kind of lead on Dent.

IT'S A RELIEF TO SEE YOU UNHARMED, MASTER RICHARD.

ALFRED!

IS THIS A RETURN OR MERELY A VISIT?

I'VE MADE SO MANY MISTAKES. I ALMOST MADE A REALLY BIG ONE TONIGHT.

YOU'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG, MASTER RICHARD.

I ALMOST KILLED A MAN. I COULD HAVE DONE IT.

BUT YOU DIDN'T?

IT WAS SO CLOSE, ALFRED. BRUCE IS RIGHT. I CAN'T STAY HERE.

MAKE SURE HE GETS THAT NOTE.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU INSANE FOOL?

I HAVE CREATED THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD.

MINETTE?

YEAH?

GOT A MESSAGE FROM DENT.

ABOUT TIME, HE GETTING ME OUT OF HERE?

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

Mmmm!

WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS HORRENDOUS!

HORRENDOUS!

WHERE WERE YOU?

I GOT SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS AND--

LIES.

AND THAT'S NOT THE FIRST ONE.

BOONE FOUND THIS WHEN HE SEARCHED YOUR THINGS.

YOU TOLD US YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOUR FAMILY.

WE'LL HAVE THE TRUTH NOW, "FREDDY LOYD."

EVERY LAST BIT OF IT.

"YOU'LL START BY TELLING ME THE NAME OF THE BOY IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH."

WHO THE HELL IS *SHRIKE?*

HUMINA! HOMINA!

AND WHERE DO I FIND HIM?

YOU LET HIM GO BACK THERE?

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE HAD ME DO, SIR?

HOLD THE LAD AT *GUNPOINT* UNTIL YOU RETURN?

FLIP YA FOR IT.

GOOD SIDE GETS AN EMPTY CHAMBER...

... SCARRED SIDE GETS A BULLET.

LUCKY STIFF...

THAT GETS YA THE WHOLE CLIP!

SORRY ABOUT THE MESS, GIRLS.

BUY YOURSELVES SOMETHING NICE.

LET'S GO, LOUIS. YOU'RE DRIVING.

YOUNG MR. MINETTE WAS ACCOMMODATING?

A RELIABLE WITNESS.

HE SPILLED HIS GUTS...

... AND JUST ABOUT EVERY OTHER VITAL ORGAN.

I keep an account that will never be read.

This journal is perhaps solely for my own selfish solace... cathartic musings to while away the long interminable nights of waiting.

Tonight, the Master hunts a Shrike.

An avian of the family Laniidae, according to Bridwell's Guide to Ornithology, the Shrike's appearance belies its true nature.

The Shrike is a hunter, a bird of prey which impales its meals of other less wary winged creatures.

The Shrike has no appetite for foraged seeds or berries.

Thorn or bramble or barbed wire, the ends make little difference to the hungry Shrike.

I HAD SUCH HOPES FOR YOU... FREDDY.

UNH!

And though thus armed with new-found knowledge of the enemy, I fear all the more for our wayward Robin.

THE OTHER BOYS SIMPLY PALE IN COMPARISON.

IN TIME, I WOULD HAVE PRESENTED YOU TO THE O-SENSEI, MASTER OF MASTERS.

THE WORLD, AS THEY SAY, WOULD HAVE BEEN YOUR OYSTER.

BUT YOU HAD TO GO AND MUCK IT ALL UP!

I WILL ASK JUST ONCE MORE...

...WHO ARE YOU?

ROBIN.

WHO?!

YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID.

HIS NAME IS ROBIN,

HE'S MY PARTNER.

KILL THEM!
KILL BOTH OF THEM!
WHAT YOU'VE TURNED THESE BOYS INTO IS SICK.
YOU HAVE A LOT OF--
HA!
Unnh!
YOU'RE IN NO PLACE TO LECTURE ANYONE--
-- FREAK!

COME ON, GUYS! WE HAVE TO HELP SHRIKE!

GET IN THERE AND--

Guhhh!

SHUT UP, BOONE!

DON'T JUST... *uhh...* STAND THERE...

... GET IN THERE AND FIGHT...

COWARDS!

nng--!

BATMAN!

So, you sent your little spy to infiltrate my school?

You're just in time to watch him *die!*

Unh!

K

Or perhaps I'll kill you first.

NO!

Ugh!

You're good, boy.

But you're not as good as *me!*

I CAN'T LET YOU GET AWAY. YOU *KNOW* THAT.

NO ONE CAN KNOW ABOUT MY LITTLE *VENGEANCE ACADEMY.*

YOU SHOULD HAVE *RESPECTED* THAT.

WELL, WELL...

LOOKS LIKE WE HIT FOR *DOUBLES*, LOUIS.

MR. DENT, I'M CERTAIN I SHOULD--

WHEN I WANT YOUR *TWO CENTS*, I'LL SLAP IT OUT OF YOU.

NOW GUN THEM BOTH.

VIP! VIP! VIP!

gih-gih-gih-gih--

SHORT BURSTS, LOUIS!

BRATTATTATTAT

UNH!

VIP! VIP! VIP!

SPAK! SPAK!

LIKE THIS, MORON!

DAMN.

I HAD HIM ON RETAINER.

Ah, THE RODENT.

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT... FREDDY... YOUR...

BAM! BAM! BAM!

WHAH--?!

WE'LL DO THIS AGAIN SOMETIME.

WHEN THE ODDS ARE MORE... EVEN.

NO, ROBIN.
BUT--
ANOTHER TIME.
YOU'RE BLEEDING.
IT LOOKS WORSE THAN IT FEELS.
REALLY?
NO.
SHRIKE IS...
DEAD. HE FELL ON HIS OWN BLADE.
I GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS UP TO YOU.
FUNNY.
I WAS GOING TO SAY THE SAME THING.
" IT'S ALL UP TO YOU."
MASTER RICHARD!

FORGIVE ME, BUT I FEARED THE WORST WHEN YOU LEFT.

I NEGLECTED TO TELL YOU BEFORE... BUT YOU HAVE BEEN SORELY MISSED, LAD.

I MISSED YOU TOO, ALFIE.

BUT CAN WE SAVE THIS FOR LATER? BRUCE NEEDS SOME ATTENTION.

THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.

TWO-FACE IS STILL OUT THERE.

SIR, IF YOU COULD JUST WAIT UNTIL I TIE OFF THIS SUTURE...

... THEN YOU'LL BE FREE TO INJURE YOURSELF FURTHER.

YOU REALLY WANT ME TO BE *ROBIN* AGAIN?

WITH CONDITIONS.

THE SAME AS BEFORE.

I WANT YOU TO BE A GOOD SOLDIER.

WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN?

YOU ONCE SWORE AN *OATH* TO ME.

IF YOU PUT THAT COSTUME ON, YOU'LL HONOR THOSE WORDS TO THE LETTER AND NEVER AGAIN QUESTION MY ORDERS.

EVEN IF IT MEANS WATCHING YOU DIE?

YES.

WITHOUT HESITATION.

ALFIE?

THE DECISION IS YOURS ALONE, MASTER RICHARD.

YOU COULD VERY WELL WALK AWAY FROM THIS CRUSADE AND SPEND YOUR LIFE IN HAPPIER PURSUITS.

OR I COULD DO SOME GOOD.

SOMEBODY'S GOTTA HELP HIM...

"... MIGHT AS WELL BE ME."

THERE.

THAT'S THE *LAST* ONE.

NOW THAT DENT'S LOCKED AWAY AND THIS *SHRIKE* CHARACTER IS ON ICE IN THE MORGUE, I THINK I CAN TRY TO KICK THE HABIT AGAIN.

WE'VE ALREADY PICKED UP A HANDFUL OF THOSE JUNIOR NINJAS. OTHERWISE, I THINK WE'RE DONE.

BE IN TOUCH?

OF COURSE.

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, SON.

THANKS, CAPTAIN GORDON.

YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF OUT THERE, OKAY?

I WILL. I PROMISE.

DAD! ARE YOU READY TO GO--

--YET?!

BE RIGHT THERE, SWEETIE.

WHY DON'T YOU JUST WAIT IN MY OFFICE WHILE I FINISH SOME POLICE BUSINESS?

NOT ON YOUR *LIFE*, BOY WONDER.

I am in the service of lost boys struggling to be good men.

And while the cave beneath the manor no longer echoes with the same laughter it once knew, I believe that Master and Pupil have made an uneasy peace.

AERIALISTS JOHN FREDERICK GRAYSON AND MARY ELIZABETH LOYD WED UNDER THE BIG TOP!

Hope ya feel better! Jenny

The knight and his Squire return from the darkness as they do each night, united in their cause.

TWO-FA... NABBED BY MYSTERY DUO!

And as morning comes, I find it time once more to end my chronicles...

... while my boys sleep the sleep of the just.

END

ROBIN: YEAR ONE
SKETCHBOOK BY JAVIER PULIDO

SHOT FOR COLOR

ISSUE/MONTH:

INTERIORS

CROP

CLEARANCE LIVE IMAGE 3/6

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DOUBLE PAGE

ABUT PAGE EDGES. TAPE ON BACK *DO NOT OVERLAP*

00212-636 5430

TRIM SIZE: 10 X 15 1/4
CLEARANCE LIVE IMAGE 3/8
MINIMUM BLEED 1/4 ALL AROUND

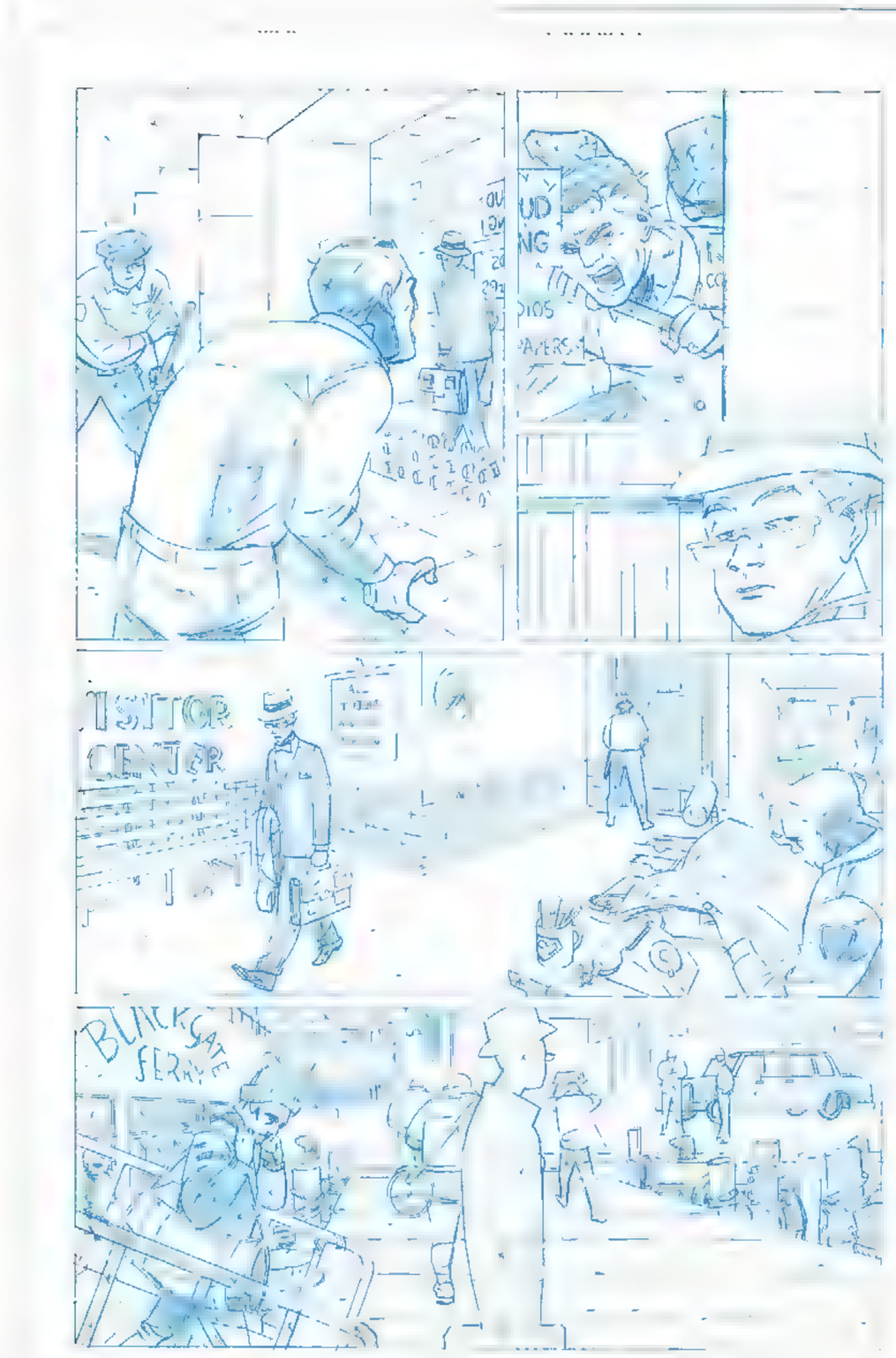
INSTRUCTIONS FOR DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD CUT AS SHOWN, ABUT PAGE EDGES, TAPE ON BACK *DO NOT OVERLAP*

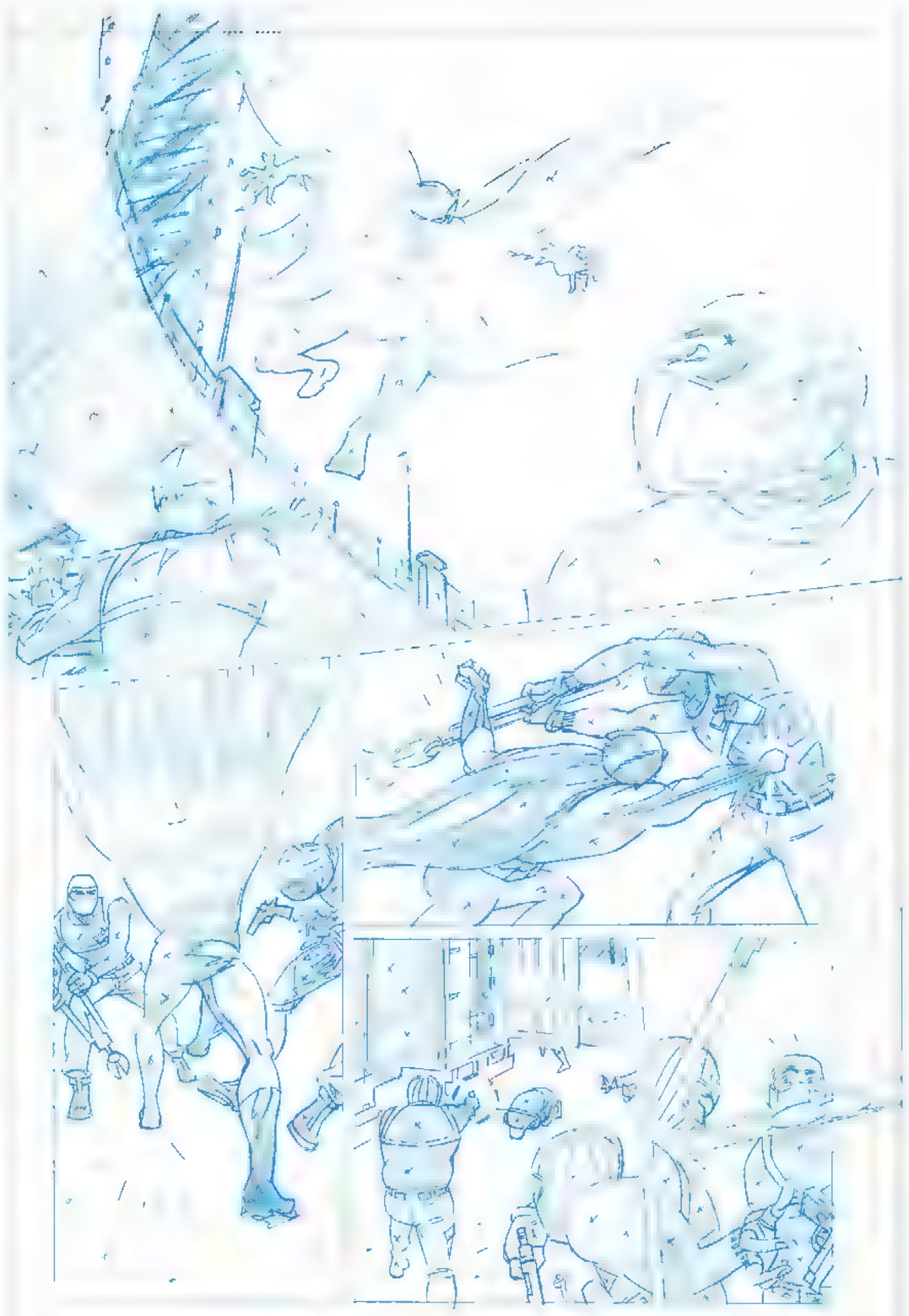
← CUT RIGHT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE

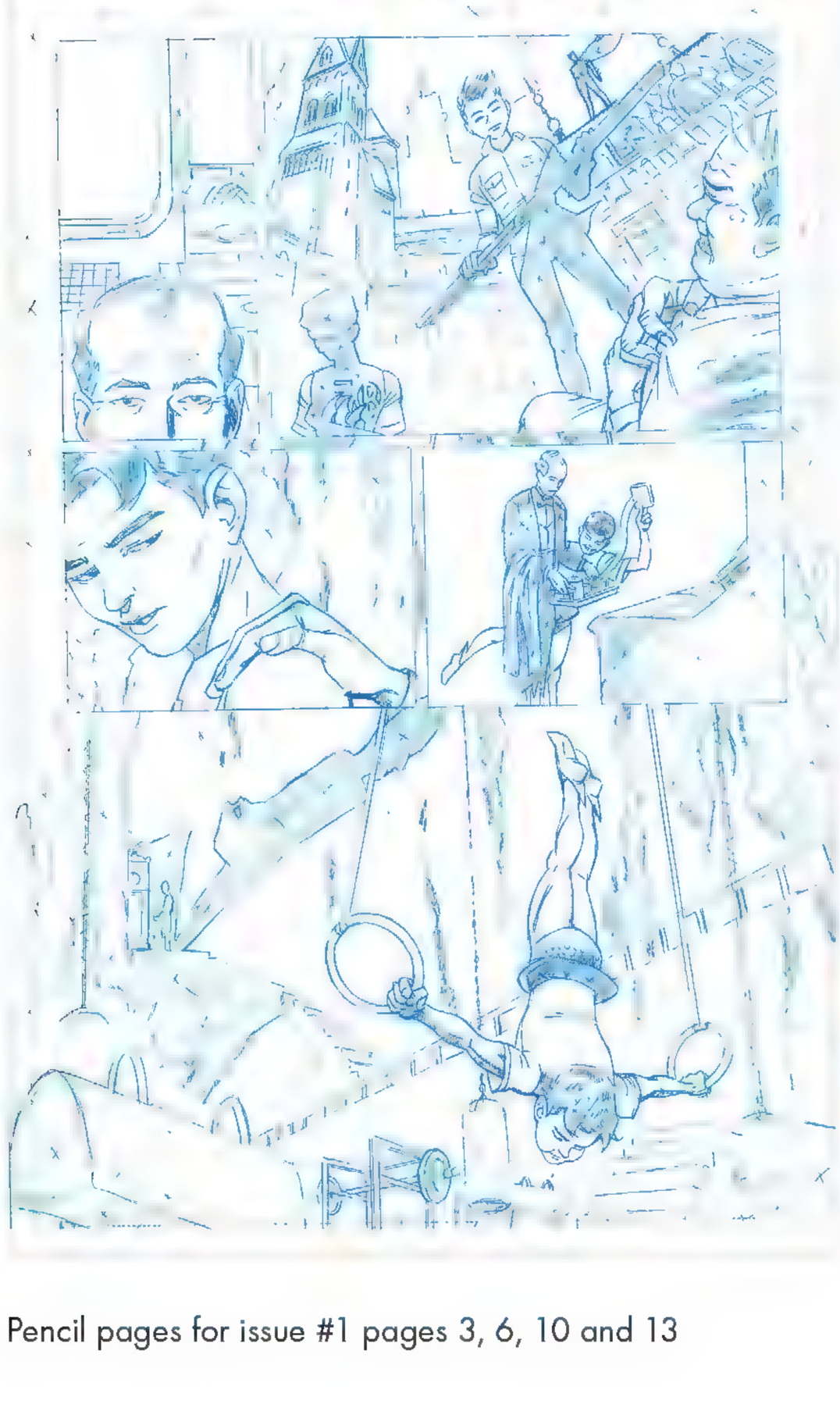
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE.

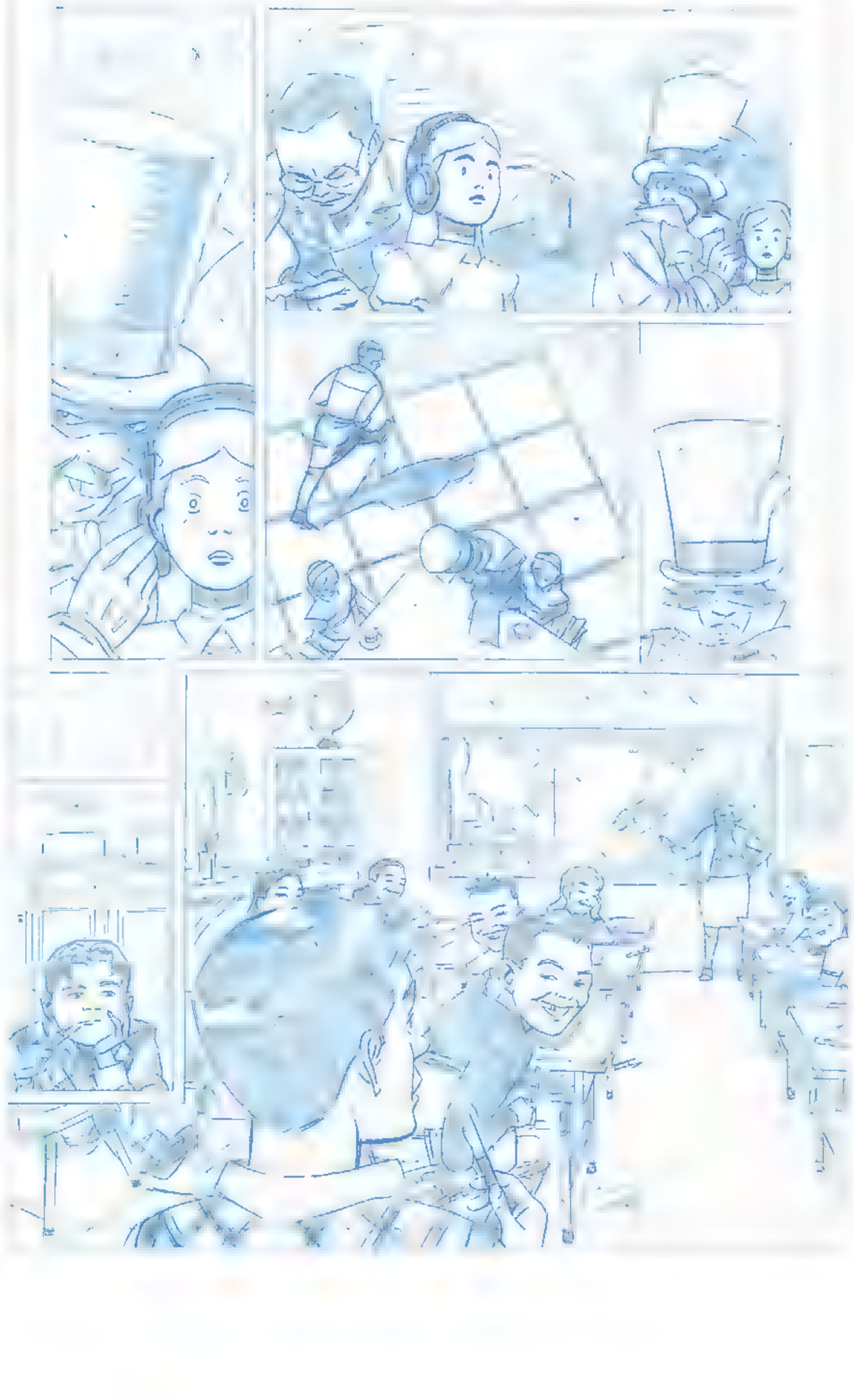
CUT LEFT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE →

Layouts for issue #1 pages 6 and 13,
issue #2 page 19 and issue #3 page 22

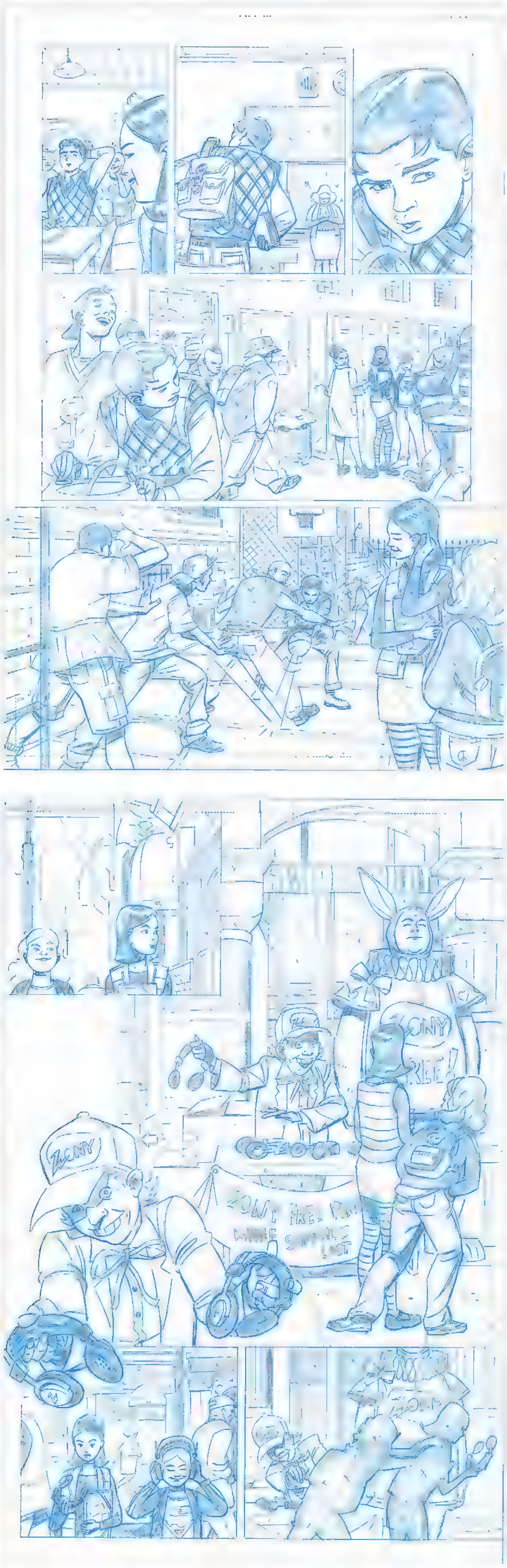


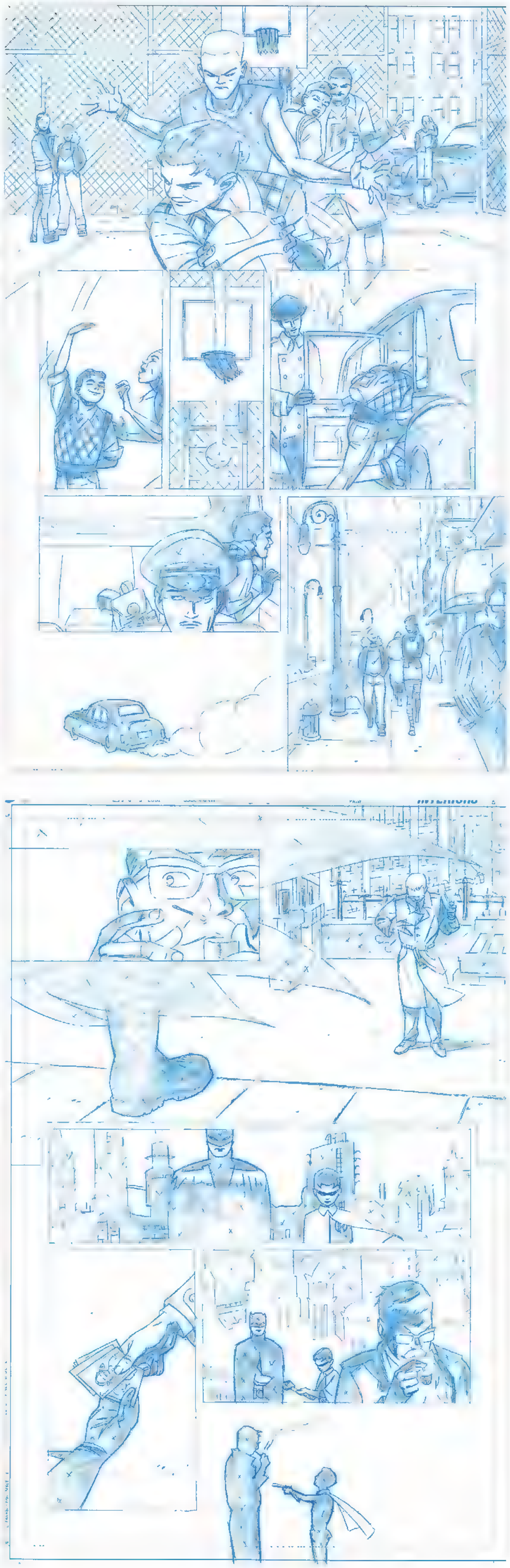




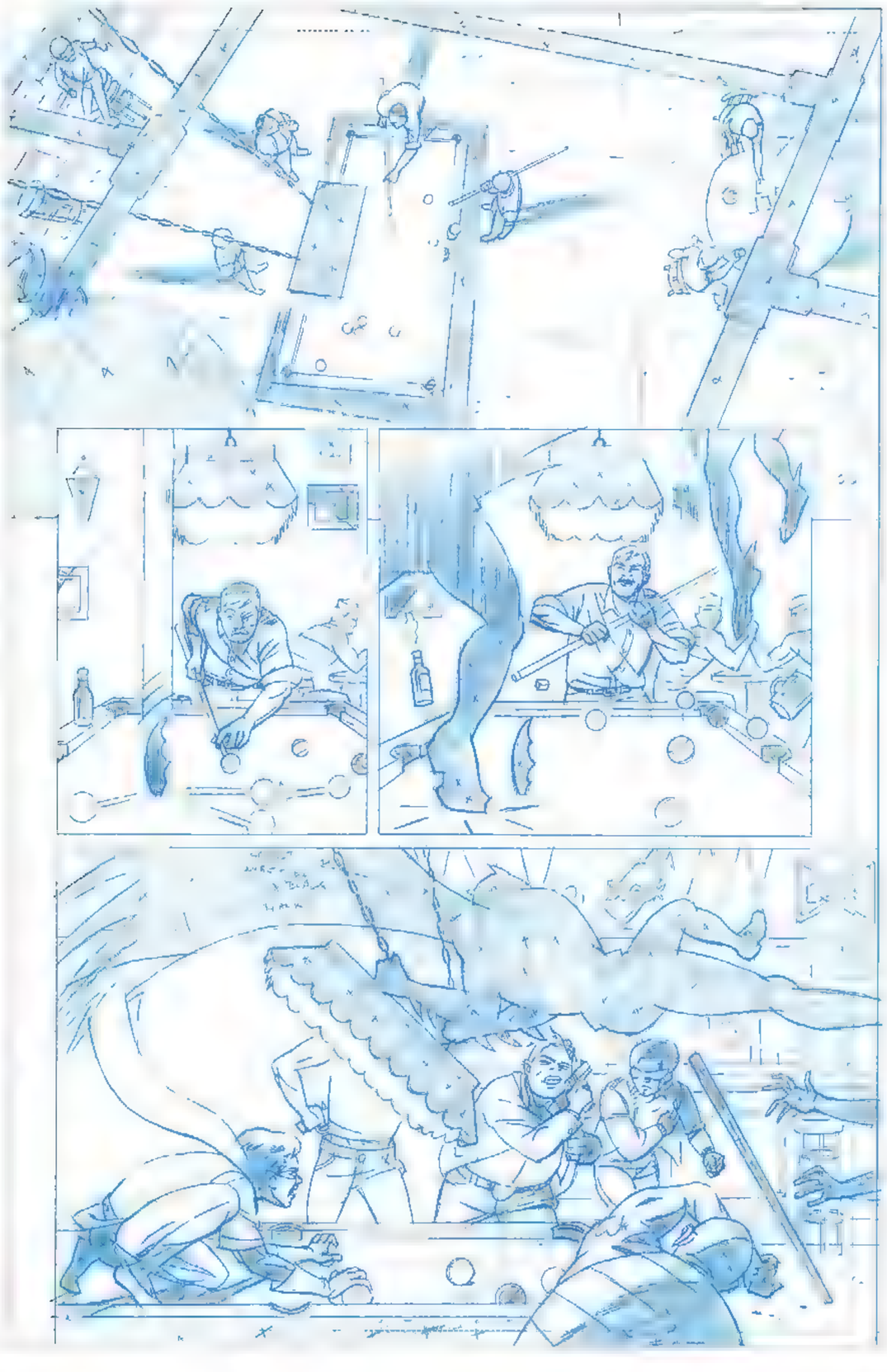


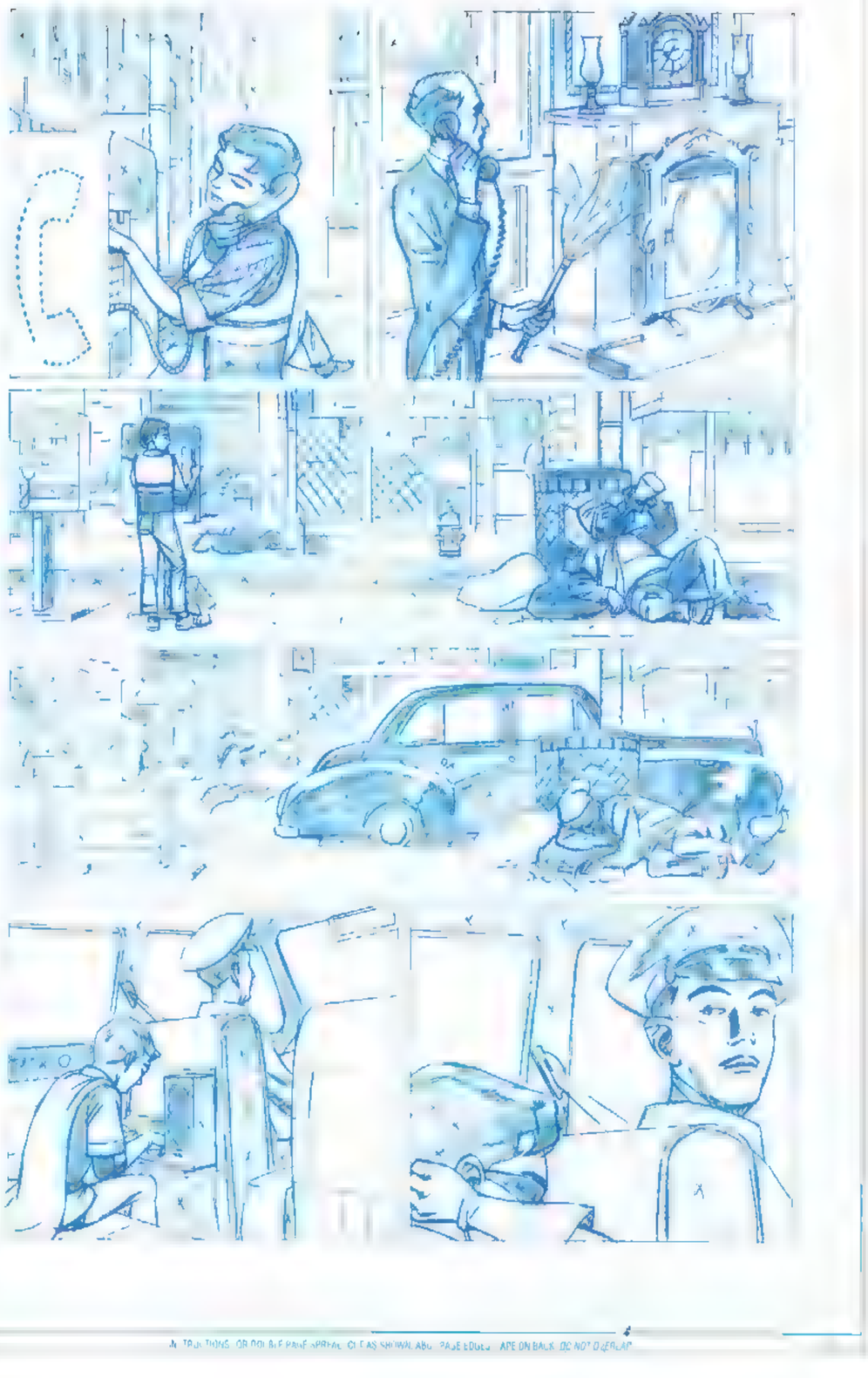
Pencil pages for issue #1 pages 3, 6, 10 and 13

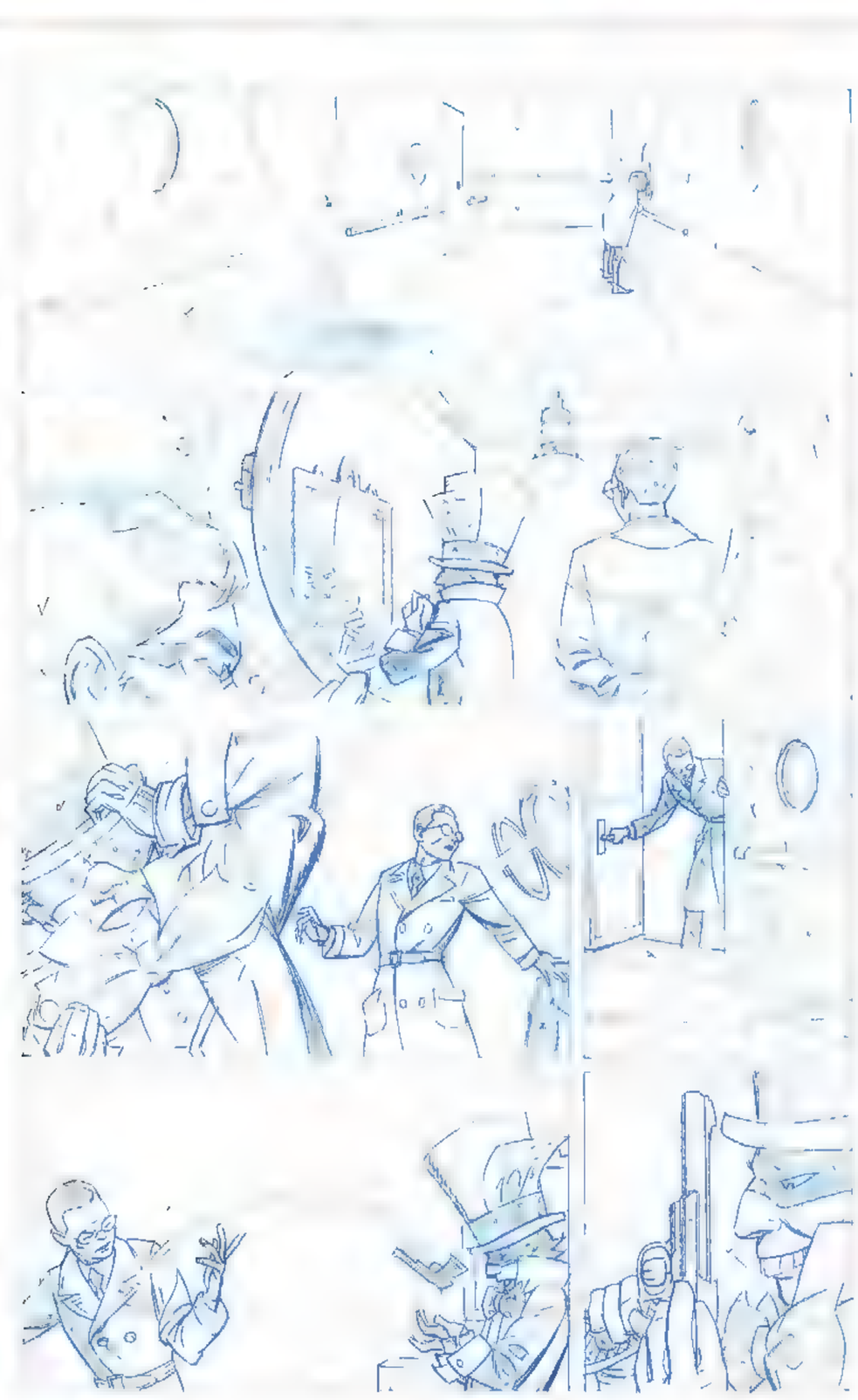


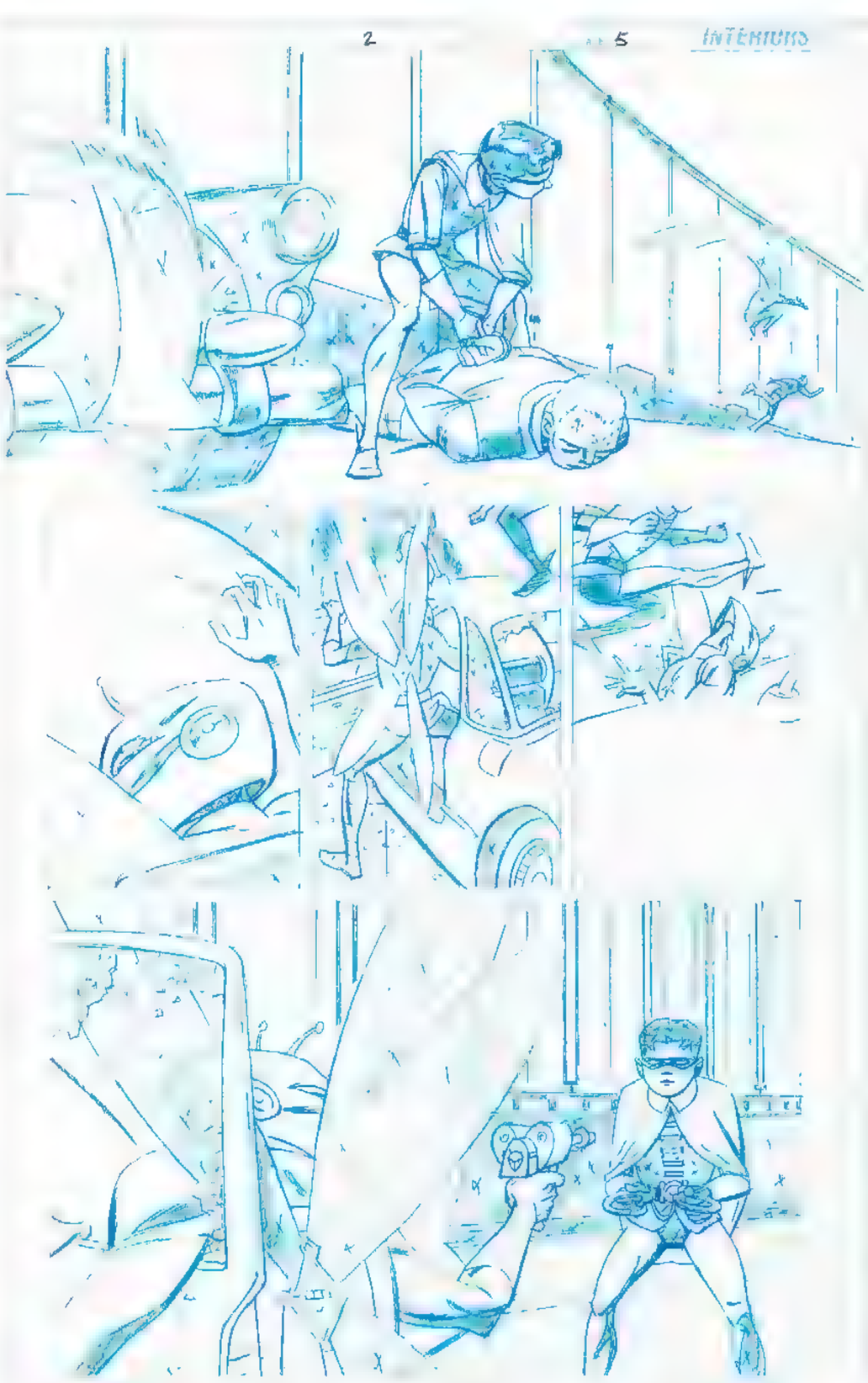


Pencil pages for issue #1 pages 14-16, 20

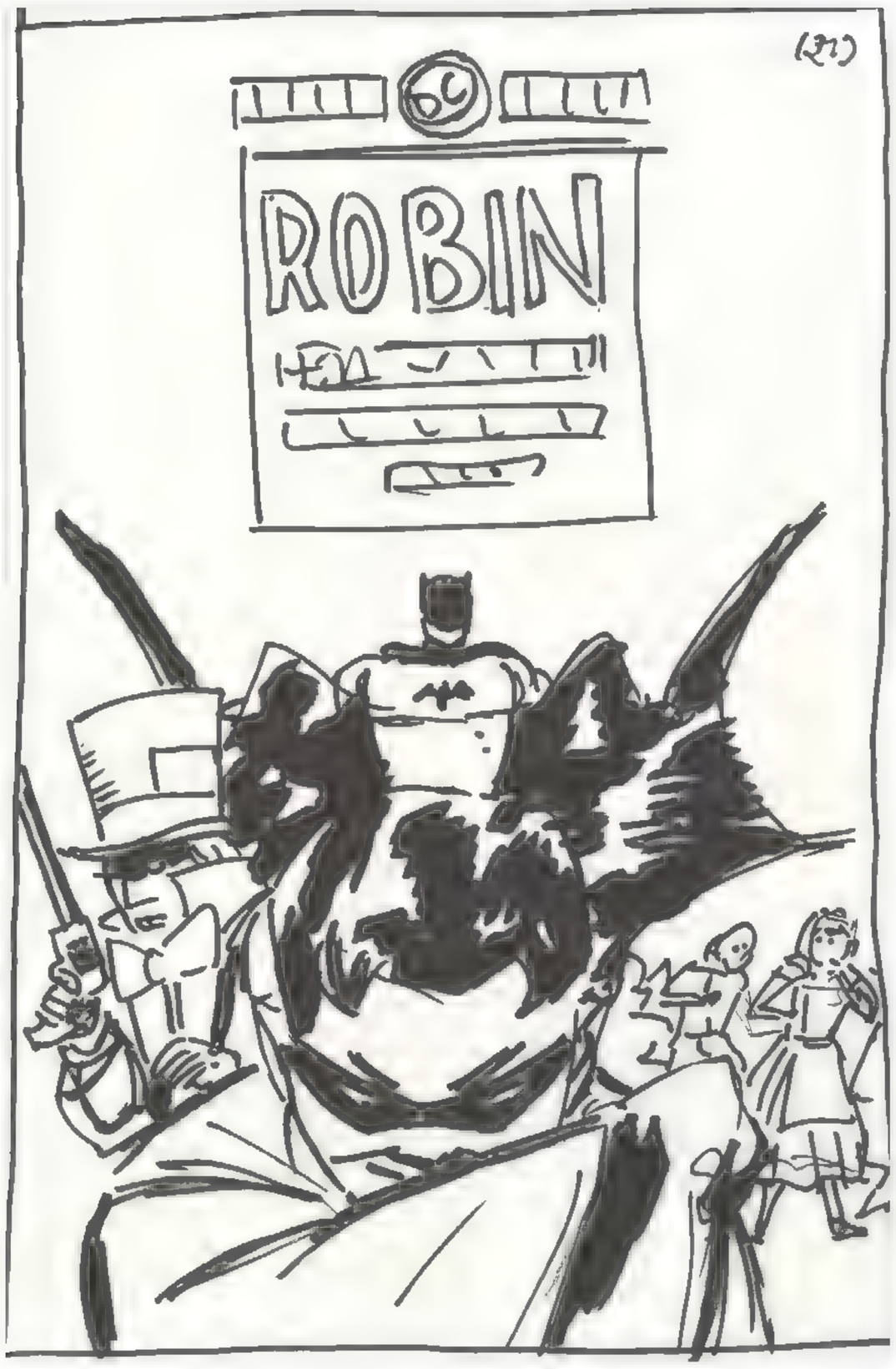


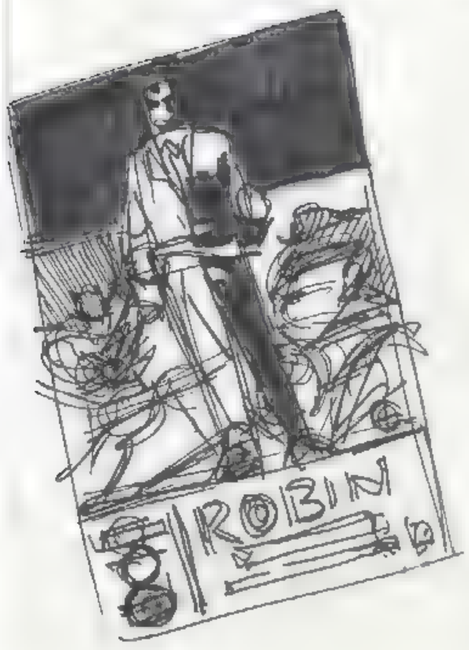




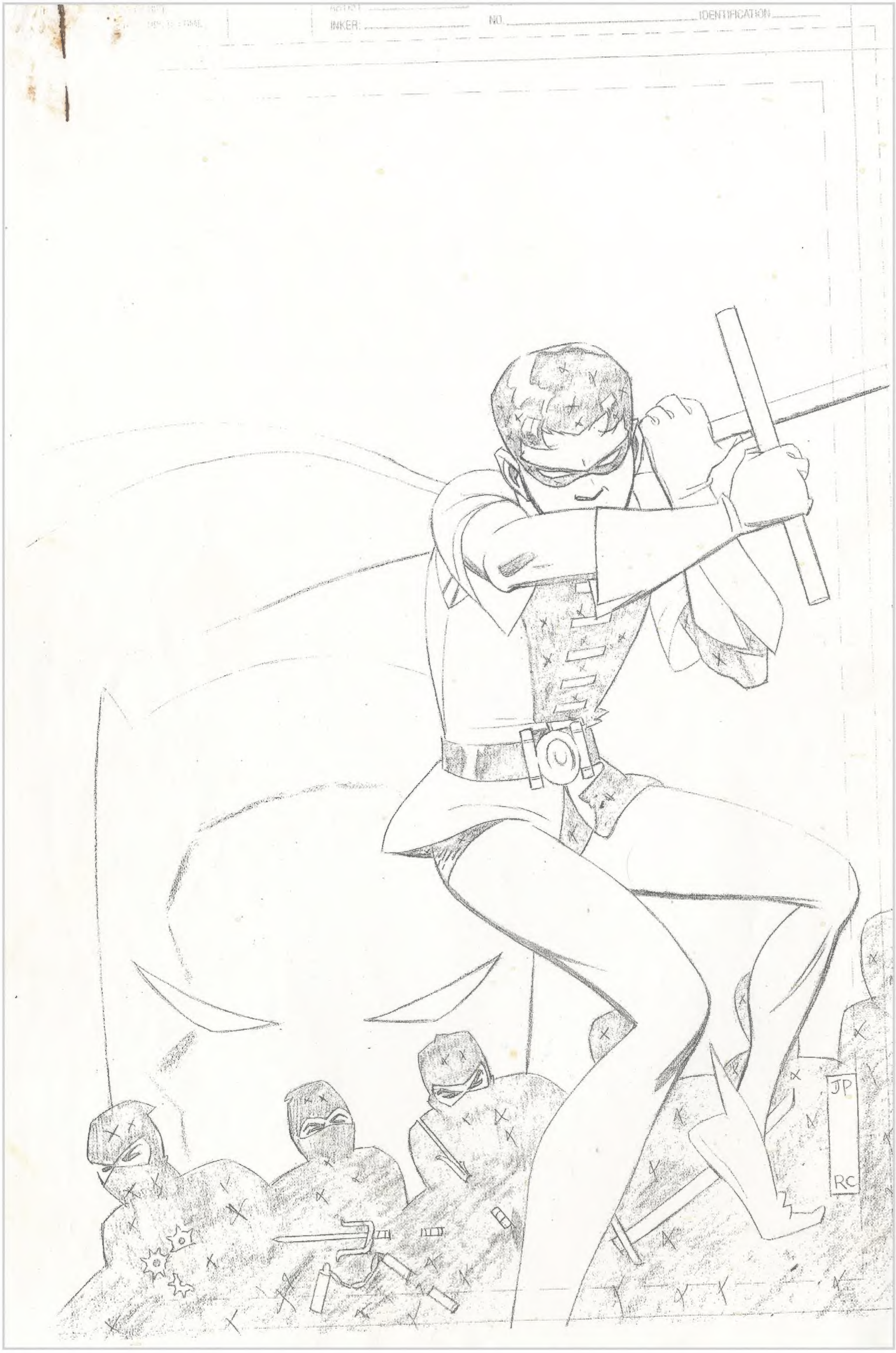


Pencil pages for issue #1 pages 22, 30 and 37 and issue #2 page 5

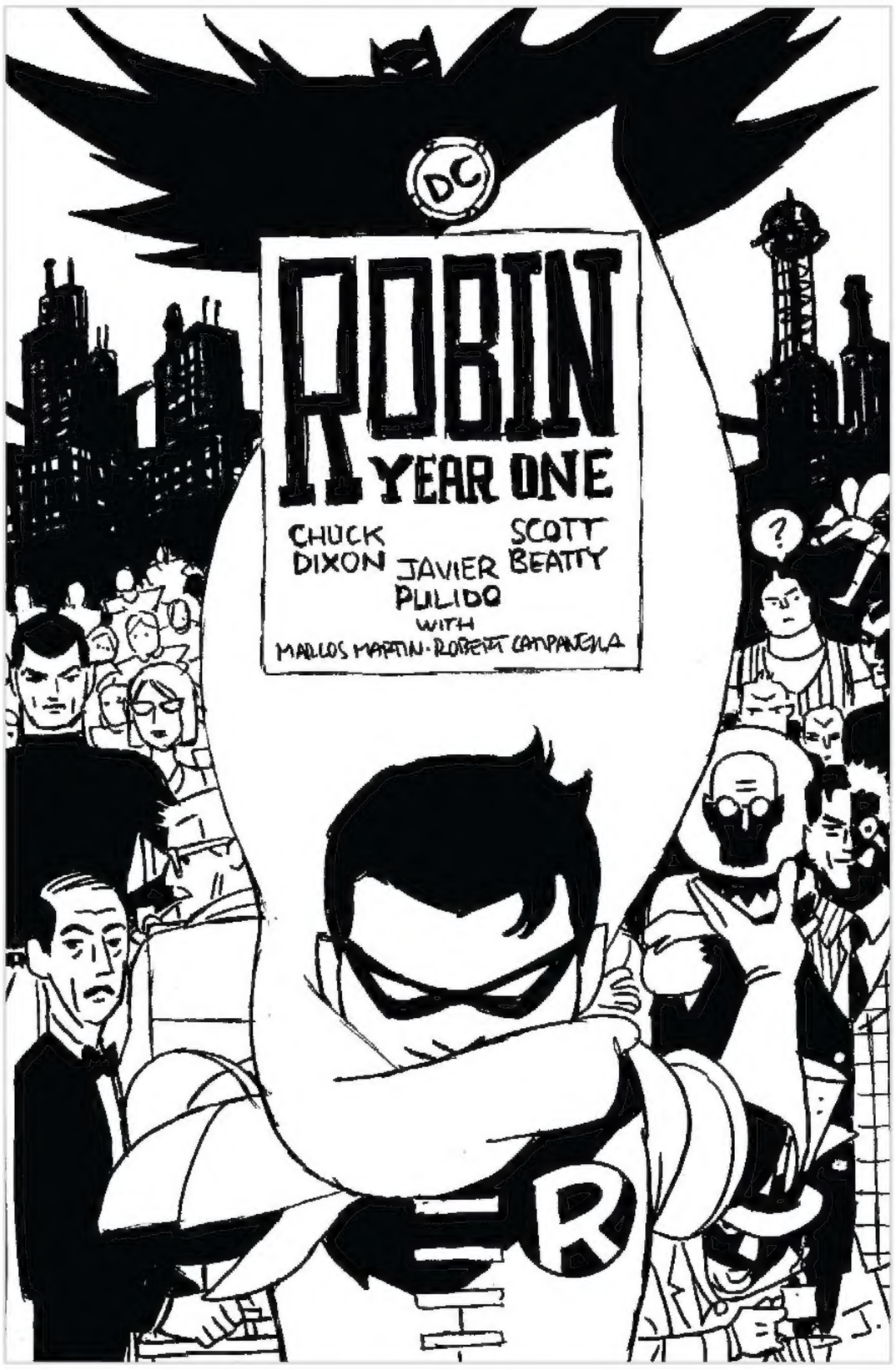


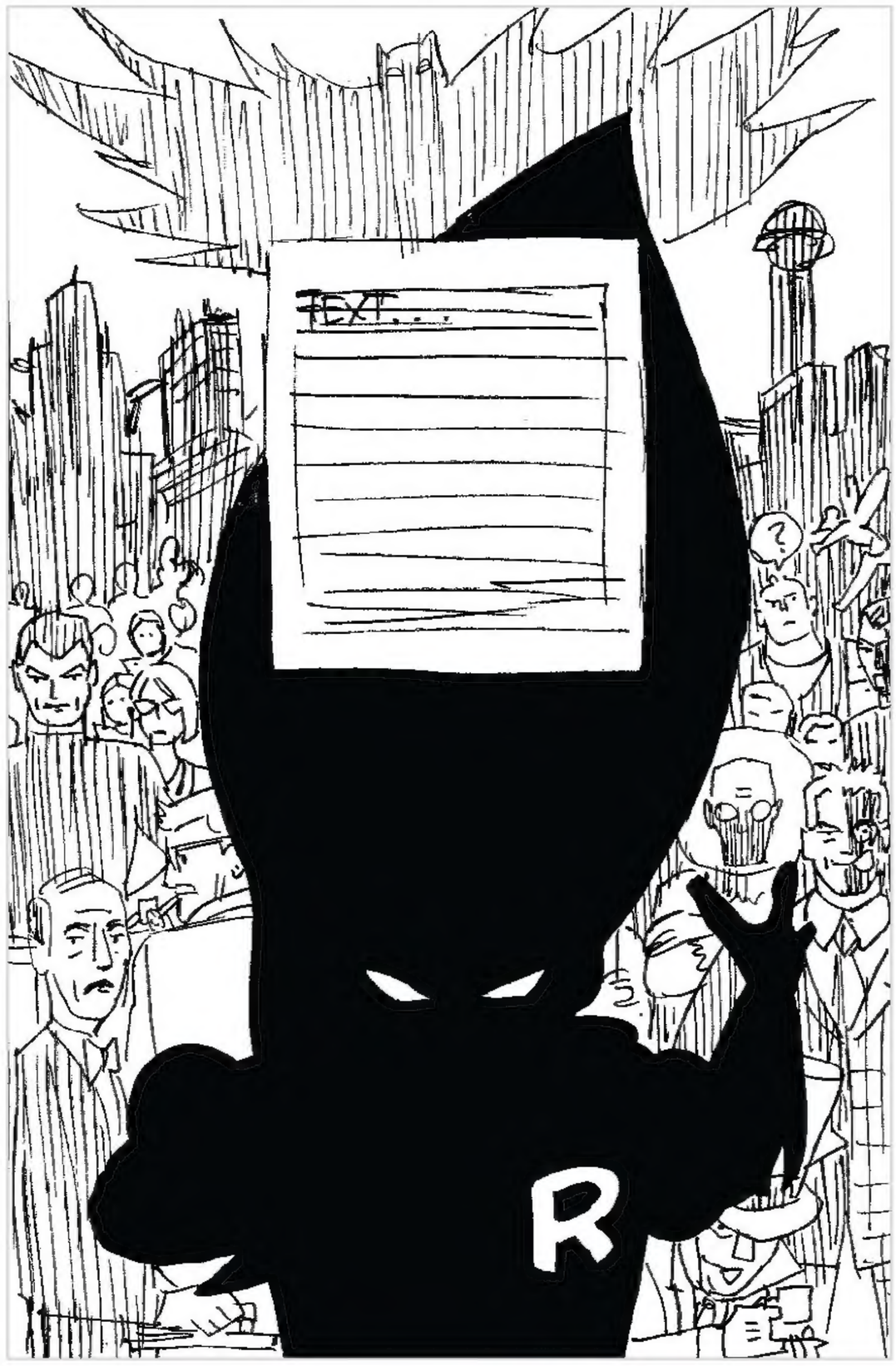


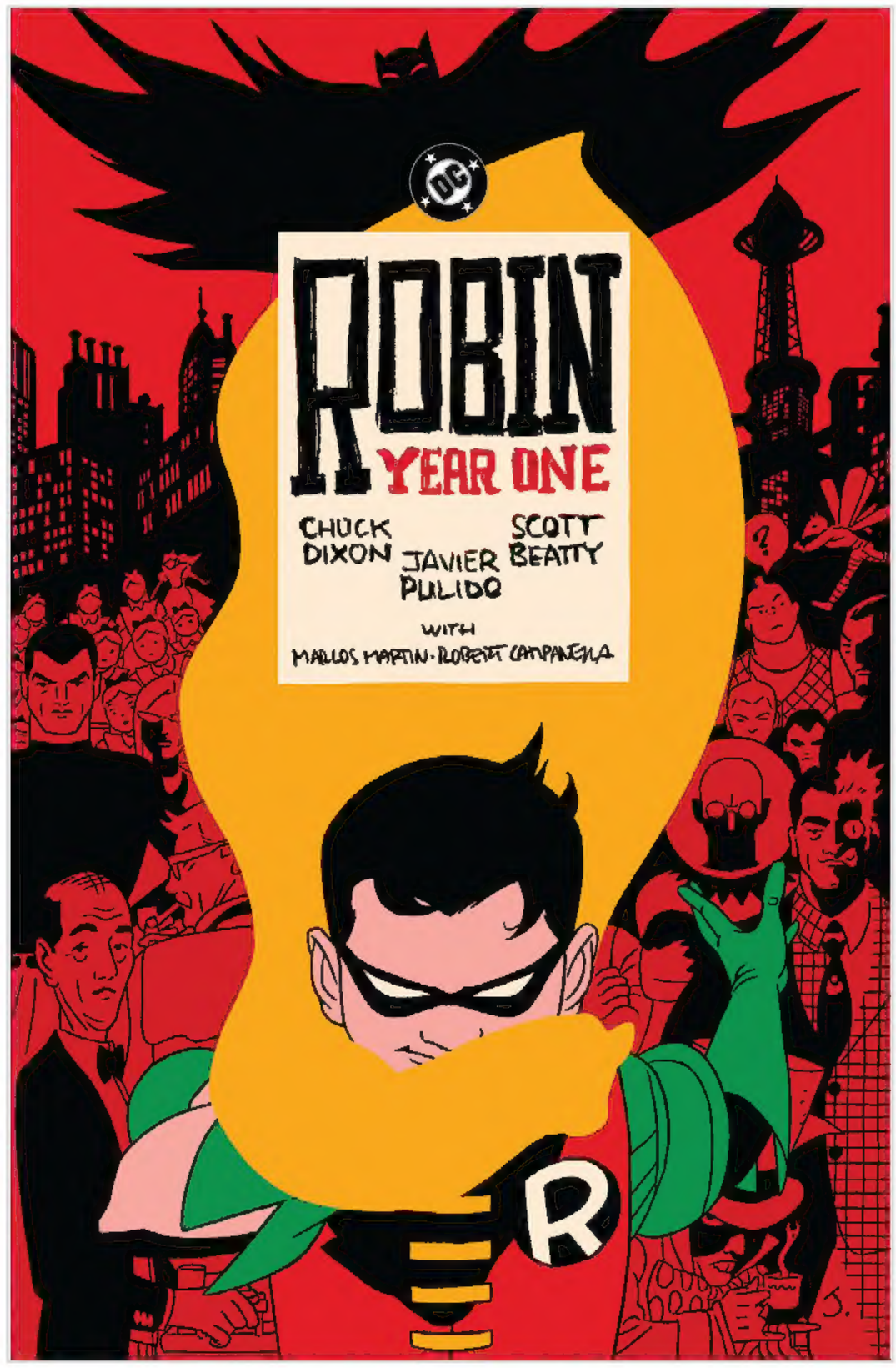
Cover layouts for issues #1-3



Cover pencils for issue #4







Cover layouts for
ROBIN: YEAR ONE—THE DELUXE EDITION

THE BOY WONDER—WHO HE IS AND HOW HE CAME TO BE!

After months of training to become Batman's crime-fighting partner, young orphan Dick Grayson is finally ready to take to the night as Robin. But this job requires more than just his fists. As he squares off against Mad Hatter, Mr. Freeze and Two-Face for the first time, Robin grapples with the hard choices and sacrifices that come with the life of a masked hero.

His first year on the job is a trial by fire; can Robin fly high enough to stay out of the flames?

This deluxe edition collects the full ROBIN: YEAR ONE miniseries by Chuck Dixon (NIGHTWING), Scott Beatty (BATGIRL: YEAR ONE) and Javier Pulido (She-Hulk) in hardcover for the first time, along with behind-the-scenes sketches and designs.

dccomics.com

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"